



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

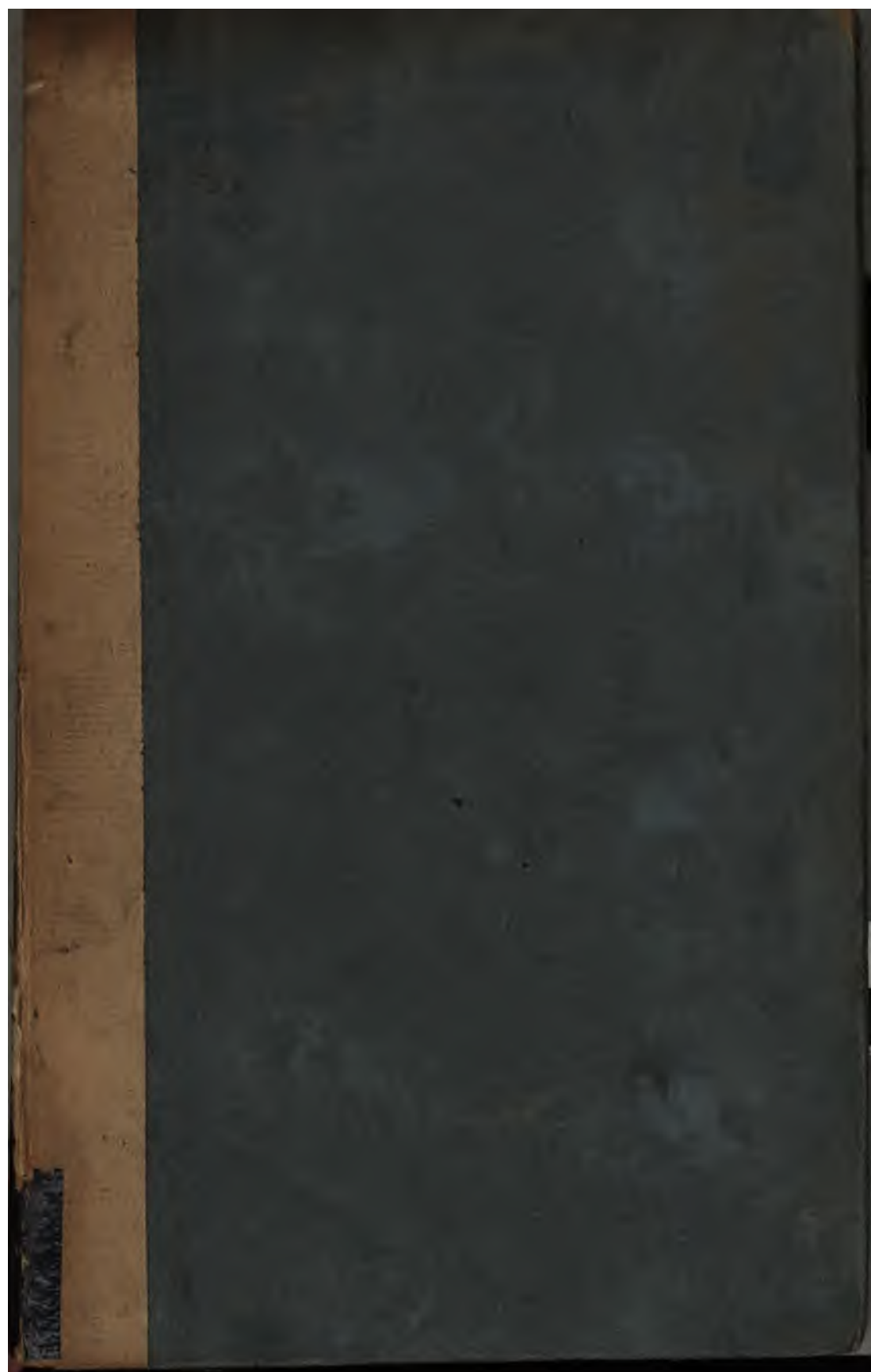
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



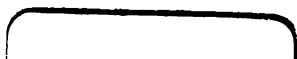






600079680-

(12)













THE  
**AONIAN KALEIDOSCOPE;**

OR,

A COLLECTION OF  
**ORIGINAL POEMS.**

---

BY P. O'KELLY, ESQ.  
*Author of Killarney, Giant's Causeway &c. &c. &c.*

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

1824.

28a. c. 90.







## *A Prefatory Dedication.*

---

WHEN such a splendid Galaxy of poetical genius adorns our Hemisphere, when a BYRON, a SCOTT, a MOORE, a MORGAN, a SHEILL, &c. have gathered the most flourishing Laurels in the field of APOLLO, it may be considered presumptuous in *me* to aspire to be enrolled in the List of Fame; but however, humble the following manipulations may be, I would be wanting to myself, if I did not once more appear before the public, as a candidate for a *Pindaric Sprig*; the more especially when even MAJESTY deigned to shed a ray of lustre upon my efforts—but, methinks, I hear the snarling Critic say, “O’KELLY boasts of the royal countenance beaming upon his obscurity, if so why not return the favor by a Dedication to MAJESTY”? I will stifle in its utterance such theonine malice, by HORACE’s apology to AUGUSTUS,

“*Cum tot sustineas & tanta negotia solus,*

“*Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,*

“*Legibus emendes; in publica commoda peccem,*

“*Si nostro sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar*”.

Yet not alone to Royalty am I indebted, whilst some of the first Names in the Land grace my List, to whom I Dedicate the following pages, as a small acknowledgment of the gratitude which I owe them, and which shall never be effaced from the breast of him who has the honor of subscribing himself

*Their Devoted,*

*Most Grateful, &*

*Most Humble Servant,*

THE AUTHOR.

Cork, June 24, 1824.



TO  
P. O'KELLY, ESQ.

(*Author of Killarney, Giant's Causeway, &c. &c. &c.*)

---

All-hail O'KELLY! Nature's Bard divine,  
Thou favour'd Minstrel of the sacred Nine;  
Their choicest gifts to thee the Sisters bring,  
Fresh from the waters of Castalia's Spring:  
Round thy fair brow the laurel wreath they twin'd,  
And still their holy fire illumines thy mind.—  
If CAMPBELL's chasteness, and if BYRON's fire,  
Or the wild ringing of the Northern Lyre;  
If MOORE th' Enchanter's dazzling light of song,  
Can bear their names on *Times* rough tide along;  
Lift thy bold head to Heav'n and dare to hope  
Thou! too shalt live in thy KALEIDOSCOPE!  
For all their varied Beauties are combin'd,  
In the bright *prism* of thy matchless mind:  
Which erst in song hast giv'n "*Killarney*" fame,  
Immortal as thy song, great Bard! shalt be thy name.

Cork, June, 1824.

J. J. C.



*To P. O'KELLY, Esq. Author of Killarney, &c. &c. &c.*

---

When TARA's splendor had o'erspread the world,  
And SCANIA's hordes had wild confusion hurl'd  
On Europe else ; the Bards in Druid state  
Wail'd on their Harps old Erin's future fate ;  
DAIRE, the Druid chief, in TARA's hall,  
Shook his Divining Urn at BRIAN's call ;  
BRIAN th' undaunted ! who, on Clontarf's plains,  
With blood-stain'd Sabre smote the haughty Danes ;  
The mystic Priest thus pray'd ; the crowd drew near,  
In silent rev'rence of their hoary Seer :  
" Reveal, Dread BAAL, Heav'n's chief ; creation's God,  
" Who rul'st the world with thy omnific nod,  
" The future doom of this thy favorite Isle ;  
" Is peace her lot, or ever-during toil ?"  
With instant inspiration heav'd his breast,  
Whilst thus he sang th' Eternal's high Behest.  
" Great BAAL shall run his twice three-hundredth race,  
" Ere Erin's woes from Albion's shores shall cease :



"Then GEORGETHE FOURTH, auspicious name! shall come  
To calm the land and change her ruthful doom;

"A galaxy of Genius shall arise,

"And sing our re-born honors to the skies:

"Thou MOORE, sweet harmonist, shalt tune thy lyre,

"And join the *Patriot's* with the *Poet's* fire.

"SCOTT, MORGAN, EDGEWORTH; BYRON, Prop of Greece!

"Fate in thy Death shall blast her hopes of peace;

"O'KELLY too, of proud Iberian blood,

"Shall from Castalian Fountain pour the flood

"Of Bardic Song; Killarney first his theme;

"Next, Giant's-Causeway shall exalt his name;

"In *varied verse* his sportive Muse shall play,

"And grace each subject in Iernian lay,—

"The ancient glories of our native song.

"In *Him* shall live; to *Him* those Bays belong!

"Thenceforward Erin shall in peace repose,

"And hurl dread ruin on her daunted foes;

"Her long-lost Learning to the world restore,

"And all the earth her Sanctify adore.

: Cork, June 19, 1824. P. S.



THE  
**AONIAN KALEIDOSCOPE**

---

ON HIS MAJESTY'S SAFE ARRIVAL IN  
*IRELAND.*

---

Bring me an Harp from Heav'n you sacred Nine,  
Celestial muse!—Oh! aid my tuneful voice!  
Strike ev'ry string with harmony divine;  
Whilst Irish hearts exultingly rejoice.

Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,  
The sound of trumpets, and the cannon's roar;  
The Peals of triumph wafted to the sky,  
Proclaim our KING is landed on the shore!

B



From hill to hill, loud acclamations reach,  
 From town to town, shouts of applause resound;  
 The joys enraptur'd rend Howth's oozy beach,  
 While rocks and shores reverberate around.

Behold! His MAJESTY is now at hand!

The public care sits comely on his face:  
 His triple Sceptre—emblem of command,  
 With mercy temper'd, and endearing grace.

Before our SOVEREIGN, old Hibernia bows,  
 Obsequious waiting on the sea-lash'd strand,  
 While kneeling millions offer ardent vows,  
 The fervent incense of a grateful land.

May peace and pleasure on him long await,  
 On TRUTH's eternal BASE long may he stand;  
 Meekness on high shall lift his glorious state,  
 While GOD-LIKE mercy guides his sceptr'd hand!

Happy Eblana! O, thrice happy day!  
 What springing transports in thy bosom glow!  
 Down—down the precipice of joy convey,  
 The tides of happiness that round thee flow!



From shore to shore, let stars of nitre rise,  
Let bonfires blaze, and now to Heav'n aspire;  
Let sparkling rockets brighten all the skies,  
And build proud tow'ring pyramids of fire.

When wars shall mutilate, and time pervade,  
Or when this tribute, to its fate's consign'd;  
When frail memorials and their honors fade,  
He'll reign immortal in the people's mind.



**ADDRESS**

*TO HIS MAJESTY, &c,*

---

Hail, mighty KING! for taste and wisdom known,

Listen, great Monarch to what nature sings;

Hail, pride and pillar of Britannia's throne!

Thou best and first of all Europa's Kings.

How great the glories of thy subject Isle!

When justice call'd thee to the sacred VAN,

All claims to hear—all sects to reconcile;

And break the bound'ries between man and man!

To frighten faction from the field of crime,—

To bid conflicting passions quickly cease,

The first great King, that in our western clime,

Display'd the olive branch of proffer'd peace.



Oh! Harp of Tara, from thy mould'ring shade

Arise! with ancient pride and breathing strings;

On playful breezes be thy sounds convey'd,

As Erin's spirit from thy bosom springs.

With hearts elated, flocks the tuneful throng,

While bending crowds with willing hearts obey,

Sacred to thee shall flow the heav'nly song,

And grateful millions hail thy sapient sway.

Protected nations shall that pow'r revere,

While haughty Spain, so proud in days of yore,

With the vain Gaul pay homage thro' their fear,

And prize thy smiles beyond their glitt'ring store.

Thou who art born to prop the nation's weight,

To aid the weak, and to suppress the bold;

Flourish defender of the Church and State,

And in your reign, renew the age of gold.

For Gods and God-LIKE KINGS, their cares express,

T' adorn old realms, is more than new to raise,

Still to defend their subjects in distress,

His kingdom's parent is a monarch's praise:



Religion's graces dignify thy soul,

Her charms unchanging, steady, firm and true;  
His proudest aim to cherish, not control

The Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle too.

In Erin's Isle, by Heav'n's-directing voice,

Her best lov'd dwelling and her home she made;  
Albion and Erin were Religion's choice,

And Freedom nurs'd her in her friendly shade.

With her returned each virtue to the world,

Truth, honest Truth, unveil'd her heav'nly face,  
Usurping Error from her throne was hurl'd  
While awful Justice holds her sacred place.

What laurel'd wreaths in letter'd Erin grew!

What mighty heroes grac'd her far-famed shore!  
Princes were dazzled at the splendid view,  
While Science round dispens'd her sacred store.

Wide, and more wide, th' enraptur'd Muse surveys,

The countless blessings dawning from afar,  
Th' auspicious prospect of succeeding days,  
Britain's and Scotia's hope, and Erin's peerless star;



The Catholics once more their heads shall raise,  
 Recall'd again to honor, trust and pow'r;  
 O'CONNELL then shall meet with more than praise;  
 Merit reviv'd—to glory's height shall tow'r.

His honest deeds—his lasting fame outspread,  
 Must reach the limits of the rosy morn,  
 To Freedom's paths by sacred Wisdom led,  
 While deathless wreaths his manly brows adorn.

In far-fetch'd views, with fainter rays we see,  
 Thro' times remote, and distant clouds descried,  
 The patriot genius doom'd by Heav'n to be  
 The Muse's glory and Momonia's pride.

With him a train of laurel'd lawyers spring,  
 Crown'd with high honors and with living fame,  
 With hearts sincere, they greet our PATRIOT-KING,  
 While sacred Wisdom bows to GEORGE's name.



THE  
TEARS OF THE MUSES.

*Dii talem avertite rabiem.*

Alas! Momonia, has the curse of fate  
Burst on thy plains too bitterly of late;  
By madness fir'd, the blast of discord runs,  
In wild confusion thro' thy erring sons.  
How chang'd the noble rank you proudly bore,  
For worth and dignity in days of yore,  
When ev'ry tongue was busy to proclaim,  
To distant climes, your emulated fame;—  
A fame to hospitality endear'd,  
To learning sacred, and by faith rever'd,  
As the associate of each pleasing charm,  
That could each feeling to perfection warm.



Alas! how chang'd from what thou wert before,  
 Thy long-fam'd vallies smear'd with human gore!  
 Griev'd is the muse to see you stain the page,  
 With tales of blood—sad monuments of rage,  
 For lawless havock and her savage crew  
 From hill to vale their barb'rous rage pursue.  
 Altho' such dire disasters we bewail,  
 When nought but deeds of horrid hues prevail,  
 We mourn the gloomy source from whence they flow,  
 To fill our vales with treachery and woe:  
 Alas! how soon the eye of wisdom sees,  
 From Proctors, Landsharks, and from Absentees,  
 These ills arise and ravage thro' the land  
 With all the force of famine, fire and brand:  
 Heart-rending sight, to see the rigid law  
 From thy deserted plains Momonia draw  
 Your weak misguided sons who blindly ran,  
 To rend each sacred tie 'twixt God and man;  
 Behold their wretched fates, compell'd to roam  
 From ev'ry charm of kindred, peace, and home,—  
 From scenes in which their early moments flew,—  
 From friends with whom their early kindness grew,



From ev'ry blessing that exists between  
 The humble playmates of the sportive green,—  
 From pensive parents and attentive wives,  
 To spend in distant solitude their lives,  
 Where rank and honor never can display  
 Their native charms o'er servile Jackson's Bay;  
 Alas! may good example soon induce  
 Your factious sons to shudder at abuse,  
 Against our right, our country, and our King,  
 But aid our common laws—and fondly cling  
 To such delights as justice will increase,  
 Amidst the scep<sup>es</sup> of charity and peace.  
 May Ireland's, absent prodigals return,  
 And o'er their rack'd estates and tenants mourn  
 May they forget their prejudice and pride,  
 And 'mid their tenantry at home reside,  
 May our rich landlords and their agent train,  
 Relieve the suff'rings of the rustic swain,  
 Drive hard oppression from their litter'd sheds,  
 Their cold starv'd hovels, and their hurdl'd beds,  
 Where pining poverty her woes among,  
 Scarce feeds herself or clothes her naked young,—



Where ruthless want, and indigence extreme,  
 Implore our pity, and our kindness claim;  
 While they like vassals bound in feudal chains,  
 Are ill repaid for all their lab'ring pains,  
 For tithes and tallies grind their wretched lot,  
 And drive the famish'd hinds from cot to cot,  
 By many a HOSKINS trampled, and forgot.

These willing EXILES, MUSE! we must arraign,  
 Who, blest with birth and fortune, yet in vain,  
 Their parks, their ponds, and palaces forsake,  
 T' enjoy the sweets of fam'd Aversa's lake;  
 To live for billiards and for balls alone,  
 By few respected, but beloved by none:  
 Thus, fair Hibernia to destruction runs,  
 A lasting shame to her ungrateful sons.  
 Alas! what numbers void of taste and skill,  
 Absorb their hours in claret and quadrille,  
 While stern oppression lords it round their domes,  
 And haggard want and mis'ry mark their homes.  
 But yet, thank Heav'n! among her friends are found,  
 Some few for learning and for taste renown'd



Whose works declare what truth may well admit,  
That minds improv'd, are for improvement fit.

See Castle-waller opens to the view!

So passing fair, so elegantly-new,

'Tis like a monarch's great and happy seat,

'Tis like the Muses silent, sweet retreat,

While lordly Shannon visiting the place,

Reflects its beauties with a mimic grace;

Slowly we pass along the sombre groves,

Where wrapt in thought their blameless Master roves,

And meditates a science little known,

His wretched Country's welfare and his own.

Here, art in nature's modest garb array'd,

Gives spacious lawns for pasture or parade,

Here, WALLER seated on invention's throne,

Makes beauty, grace, and elegance his own,

Who laid the fopperies of art aside,

To polish nature all his care applied:

Whose tow'ring Dome o'er woods and vales aspires,

Where fashion centres all that taste admires,

Whose innate goodness, like his heart is great,

Who show's vast blessings on his vast estate.



What, tho' Mount-Catherine of enormous size,  
 Like a new world, seems naked in our eyes;  
 Yet all their plants their future heights proclaim,  
 And bloom already in their master's fame.

Dromoland's flow'ry lap for ages blest,  
 Where good O'Brien's carressing and carress'd,  
 Where Elms and Oaks seems sprung from Noah's flood,  
 With size unequal'd, dignify the wood:  
 While here mine eyes contemplatively roll,  
 And the fair prospects soothe my pensive soul,  
 A sweet cessation of my cares I find,  
 Lost in a pleasing slumber of the mind.

This first great Agricult'rist of our Isle,  
 Has taught the fields with golden crops to smile;  
 For he whom nature bountifully blest,  
 His own kind genius on the plains impress'd,  
 From darkness call'd her long conceal'd design,  
 Till like Himself he made his Villa shine.

See, Ballygiblin! risen from the ground,  
 Her halls with grapes, her hills with forests crown'd,  
 Where summer's treasures bounteously appear;  
 And winter mildly terminates the year!



While the fair Mistress of the classic plains,  
The Queen of fancy, taste and feeling reigns:  
Blest with each thrilling pow'r that can control,  
Improve—exalt—or fascinate the soul.

While bounteous Becher in a nation's cause,  
A Senate's lasting approbation draws:

For manly eloquence that springs refin'd,  
To prove the independence of the mind.

Ah! when shall others like these Chiefs\* attend  
Who most to want an helping hand shall lend?

Who most shall people the deserted plain;  
Plant woods, and shade the leafless hills again?

The time draws near, (a time foreseen by few,)

When Royal GEORGE all faction shall subdue:

When Erin free from this rebellious jar,

The rage of parties and the clank of war,

With joy sincere shall hail our patriot King,

And Shamrock-plains with acclamations ring:

Then round this Isle so oft with slaughter red!

Soft silent peace her downy arms shall spread;

---

\* JOHN WALLER, Esq. of Castletown-Waller. Right Hon. J. O.  
VANDELEUR. Sir EDWARD O'BRIEN, Bart. W. W. BECHER, Esq.



Pour forth her blessings with each balmy gale,  
 Croud all our ports and teach our fleets to sail:  
 Then culture smiling with each rural grace  
 Shall see her image stamp'd on ev'ry place,  
 Shall see rough mountains to the plough-share yield,  
 And the wide waste become a fruitful field;  
 While art on nature new improvements frame,  
 Enclose our dreary wastes and moving-bogs reclaim,  
 Then the gay plains with rural mirth and cheer,  
 Shall bid content in ev'ry face appear:  
 Then other Wallers like our own shall shine,  
 And more O'Briens swim in floods of wine,  
 While other Bechers shall such worth demand,  
 And other Vandeleurs shall decorate the land.  
 Good-humour then shall flow from shore to shore,  
 And bounty ope her long contracted store:  
 Then shall new bards o'ercharg'd with learning sit,  
 As sovereign Judges in the court of wit:  
 Th' enliv'ning Muse inspire each tuneful Beau;  
 And strains like mine from ev'ry Farmer flow,  
 T' arouse the Irish from each mean disgrace,  
 And sooth these mad'ning factions into peace!



THE  
HURLING MATCH.

*Dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount DILLON.*

Roscommon Striplings, now inspire my lays,  
Whilst the Mayonians struggled for my praise;  
Who have assembled all the Country round,  
To Flowerdale, that far-famed hurling ground.

From Elwood-hall I canter'd to the Crowd,  
Who were so busy and so very loud:  
Mine be the task to sing the manly sport,  
Of all those youths who that great Green resort;  
Where different districts oft for fame had hurl'd,  
Without a wish or thought of the great world.

Hurling you may from gravest Authors find,  
To be of two Olympian-Games combin'd;



There strength of nerve,—here swiftness in the race,

These qualities in Hurling still take place:

Alike in each the Athletic youths are crown'd;

Whilst with their praise the distant hills resound.

That martial Hero, the illustrious Saxe,

With pleasure often view'd the brawny backs

Of Exiles, whom no danger ever damps,

And own'd their sport was fit for martial Camps:

Who would not grieve that they were led astray,

That narrow politic's shut glory's way,

For Justice must avow where e'er they go,

They never turn'd a back to Friend or Foe;

No Town by them defended e'er was lost!

No Town resisted their investing Host!

Oft' as this Brigade was to Battle led,

O'er them had Victory her pinions spread;

When by a stratagem, Cremona's Wall,

At the dead hour of night was like to fall

A prey to Foes; then each Iernian rose,

Grasp'd his keen Faulchion, never thought of Clothes,



Each Street a Field of<sup>1</sup> Battle,—every Shore,  
 Smoke's with th' Imperialists fresh spouting Gore!\*  
 From post to post, the Enemy they chace,  
 Amaz'd to meet an hardy, naked Race,  
 Who thus with weighty blows their Foes despatch,  
 As unconcern'd as at a hurling match.

Now Muse of rural song, deign to display,  
 The various hazards of this war-like play,  
 Just as an Army has it's Van and Rere,  
 Besides those who the brunt of Battle bear;  
 So here the Lads must in three Bands divide,  
 The Discipline's the same on either side,  
 A score and one's the number most complete,  
 Seven guard the Goal—whilst seven brave the Heat,  
 Of the midplay, the other seven strive,  
 At th' adverse Goal, to keep the Game alive,  
 See Flowerdale! with gay Spectators lin'd,  
 The Youths advance, each knows the post assign'd,  
 One takes his Adversary by the Hand,—  
 And with bare Feet impatient kicks the Land;

---

\* The History says, their bare Legs were steeped in Blood  
 above their Ancles.



Whilst noble DILLON brings the wish'd-for Ball,  
 Destin'd that day, to make bold Striplings fall.  
 Then clear the Green, the Green is cried aloud,  
 And every Straggler mixes with the Crowd.—  
 Th' elastic Ball in air young Dillon throws,  
 With ardent wishes ev'ry Bosom glows,  
 To watch it's fall, see! how they all surround,  
 While one more lucky, takes it at the bound,  
 When with a vig'rous Arm he makes it fly,  
 And less'ning to the Sight it gains the Sky!  
 Some drive it here, then others drive it there,  
 And hurry thro' the Throng, regardless where.  
 Now it returns—and now the Party heats,  
 What pleasure then, to hear the old Men's feats.  
 One cries, "don't you remember such a Day,  
 When 'bove the rest stout Dillon bore the sway,  
 But is there now, from Ballinrobe to Boyle,  
 One Man who can young French at hurling foil!  
 Oh! had that stripling here his proper aid,  
 He would be still the Master of the Mead,  
 For he is brave, athletic stout and tall,  
 And none like him can whirl the bounding Ball!"



What gaping Multitudes on these await,  
 And view with aching Eyes the stern retreat:  
 Vaughan we praise, the one of gentle mind,  
 But can't praise Vaughan wickedly inclin'd:  
 Young active Davis cannot be forgot,  
 The foremost Hero of the foremost Lot:  
 And Silk must too be trumpet'd by fame;  
 They found no Silk about him but his name!  
 Lo! now a Stripling with ill-guided stroke,  
 Driving aside, the Croud surrounding broke,  
 Instant one flies from each contending Band,  
 Who strain each nerve, nor seem to touch the Land:  
 With speed like this, fair Daphne brisk and gay,  
 When follow'd by the youthful God of Day,  
 Wing'd by her fears, with pace redoubl'd fled,  
 And from his Godship sav'd her Maidenhead.  
 Now they approach, they spring, they meet in air;  
 How heave with throbs the bosom of each fair!  
 Stunn'd by the shock, they reel some paces back,  
 And with fresh vigour rush to the attack:  
 Thus, the two signs that first the Zodiac grace,  
 When they some Ewe or wanton Heifer chace;



Should they a Rival meet they foam and rage,  
 And with fierce conflict instantly engage;  
 An equal courage hinders each to yield,  
 The fav'rite beauty of th' enamell'd field;  
 So the two Hurlers, with their nymphs in view,  
 Their utmost efforts at each glance renew:  
 Fresh forces now arrive from either side,  
 Lo! how they struggle! how they stretch and stride!  
 'Till from the crowd one slily takes the Ball,  
 And on a well-pois'd Hurl receives its fall,  
 And tips it often as he scours the plain,  
 Whilst his antagonist pursues in vain,  
 'Till quite at liberty this happy Soul,  
 Drives it directly o'er the adverse Goal;  
 Thus from the deathful Mortar's brazen womb,  
 A skilful Engineer directs the Bomb,  
 Knows to what length the fire-tail'd Shell should go,  
 To make it fall where he requires below:  
 An equal judgment guides the youngster's arm,  
 And half the field fills with most dire alarm;  
 Now different shouts from all sides rend the Sky,  
 Glory to one, to th' other's, danger nigh:



With greatest speed, the Goal they crowd around,  
 Where scarce three standing Men are to be found!  
 In dread confusion heap'd upon the plain,  
 They stretch each Sinew, swell up ev'ry vein;  
 These won't retire, and those cannot advance,  
 So when Patroclus fell by Hector's Lance:  
 The Battle thicken'd for his arms divine,  
 And close around the Greeks and Trojans twine,  
 One undistinguish'd heap they qu'ckly made,  
 And Hero upon Hero thick was laid!  
 At length Patroclus' Arms were borne away,  
 Which clos'd the Actions of that well-fought Day.

Thus, by an Effort was the Goal put out,  
 Instant the Ear is deafen'd by a shout;  
 Hats, Hoods, Wigs, Handkerchiefs, quick fly in air!  
 The Victors to the Barrel quick repair:  
 Where hunt'sman-like the Game's play'd o'er again,  
 And Bagpipes drone, whilst they get drunk amain.



THE  
BARD'S OVATION.

Illustrious Guest! high Heav'n's peculiar care,  
 Accept th' effusions of an heart sincere:  
 To thee Ierne's humble Muse aspires,  
 Unequal yet to what Theme requires,  
 Fir'd with the glories of thy splendid name,  
 Thro' distant climates still pursued by fame,  
 Long shall all India thy dread pow'r obey,  
 And long confess thy propagated sway,  
 Th' inspir'd Poets must thy actions tell,  
 And golden volumes with thy deeds shall swell,  
 For still the Poets strive their name to raise,  
 By being but Blaz'ners of anothers praise,  
 Th' enraptur'd Muse thy glory will rehearse  
 In deathless pages—and in lasting verse,



Wrapt in the Theme, his fire and fancy soars,  
 To sound thy Welcome to his native shores :  
 But thronging thousands interrupt his way,  
 And deaf'ning Io's drown his humble lay.  
 Oh! could I boast the soft symphonic tongue,  
 Of the blest Bard, who young Marcellus sung!  
 KING GEORGE THE FOURTH should ornament my page,  
 And bloom like his, thro' each revolving age.  
 As Phœbus-like in Majesty you rise;  
 And from the East illumine our Western Skies!  
 Like that bright Orb in native light attir'd,  
 Crown'd with full pow'rs,—by heav'nly pow'rs inspir'd.  
 Oh! may the Muse with patriotic praise,  
 To You great Monarch! consecrate her lays:  
 For you my Liege! Mæcenas-like is known,  
 To win her tributes, and return your own:  
 With radiant glory to make genius thrive,  
 And bid th' Augustine age with you revive.  
 With smile serene you grace our grateful Land,  
 To bless her Subjects, and her rights expand:  
 With influence mild reflecting rays benign,  
 (Oh! may its lustre on our kingdom shine!



And let our Isle in calm-domestic peace,  
 And bid mankind in happiness encrease.  
 For this great end on other climes you've shone:  
 Dispensing mercy hourly from your Throne!  
 With all the pow'r consenting Senates gave,  
 An erring people to reclaim and save;  
 That all our Laws and Liberties might reign,  
 O'er Tyrant Despots, and oppression's chain:  
 This God-like pow'r, beneficent we view,  
 Effulgent and reflected all from You!—

Hail, Queen of Isles! where truth and freedom dwell,  
 Whose martial sons in arts and arms excel!  
 Above the waves you lift your hoary Head,  
 And look a Venus fresh from Ocean's bed;  
 'Tis long your care to watch o'er Europe's fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state;  
 Around your shores, what floating Forests ride!  
 All Europe's terror, and fair Albion's pride:—  
 Here foreign pow'rs are destin'd to obey:  
 And GEORGE, and Justice, willing nations sway!  
 His potent Sceptre shall serenely wield,  
 Prudent in peace and fearless in the field:



Religion's friend, for virtue's shield design'd,—  
 To none a foe—save foes to human kind;  
 The Tyrant shrinking at his awful Sword,  
 Europa's PROR—by rescu'd realms ador'd!

May Britain still her dignity maintain,  
 To wield the Trident of the stormy Main  
 Long may with vict'ry her expanded sails  
 Triumphant swell with either India's gales.  
 Whilst our good KING, shall gladden ev'ry plain,  
 And Ireland smile beneath his Happy Reign!

*On seeing a beautiful young Lady weep.*

Cease, fair MARIA! stop these tears,

That dim the splendid ray,—

Whose lustre conquer'd many a heart,

And emulates the day.

Think,—weeping Fair! how short the date,

Of ev'ry fragrant Flower;

The Rose that's planted in your cheek,

May languish in the shower.



A

## NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

(WRITTEN JANUARY, 1810.)

*Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of CLANRICARDE.*

As a well-meant tribute to the growing merit, which is a natural inheritance from the illustrious CHARLEMAGNE to the renowned Marquis ULICK, and thence to his Lordship.

*Jam nova progenies Cælo dimittetur alto.*

And a new Offspring now descends from Heaven,  
Portumna's royal Scion—rising Seven.

All-hail CLANRICARDE! fav'rite of the Nine!  
On whose perfections Genius must refine;  
Perfections handed down from Sire to Son,  
From CHARLEMAGNE, to ULICK, now to JOHN,



Illustrious Offspring, of the race of Kings;  
 To thee the Muse an humble tribute brings,  
 Fraught with th' effusions of an heart sincere,  
 Thy rising virtues proudly to revere:  
 Virtues, which when matur'd must rise to fame,  
 And in her Annals consecrate thy Name.—  
 Auspicious Youth! may liberty's applause,  
 Pursue thy actions in thy Country's cause;  
 A bright example, for the good and great,  
 Throughout succeeding years to imitate!  
 By social manners, and a taste refin'd,—  
 By noble zeal and dignity of mind:  
 And ev'ry gift of pedigree to grace,  
 The living honors of thy princely race!  
 May then kind heav'n thy happy days prolong,  
 To shine in history and bloom in song,—  
 To plant a Rose in thy sweet Mother's breast,  
 And to thy Country's bliss ensure a zest;  
 The second Ulick of our Isle to prove,  
 And dignity adorn with praise and love.



ON SEEING

## THE PORTRAIT

*Of Mrs. STAMER, drawn by Mr. HAVERTY.*

How vain the pencil's imitative art!  
 The charms of nature fully to impart!  
 T' embue those lips that mock the ruby's praise,  
 Or paint those Orbs so like the diamond's blaze!  
 Yes—vain's the task for all the sons of men:  
 STAMER defies the pencil or the pen;  
 Tho' the fair Portrait glows with artist's fires,  
 It cannot rise to what the world admires.  
 Yet may it long to hoary Time declare,  
 As She was heav'nly good, that She was heav'nly fair!  
 Posterity shall render Both their due,  
 When kindling into life this draught they view;  
 Bless the fair Nymph, and bless the picture too.



Great was the task to HAVERTY consign'd,  
 For here each charm and ev'ry grace combin'd,  
 Confess an Angel's form—an Angel mind:  
 An hand divine, the pencil truly fits,  
 To blend the colours when an Angel sits.

Great VANDYCKE's pliant hand excell'd by few,  
 The portrait fairer than the person drew,  
 He took the best that Nature could impart,  
 And made it better by his skill and art:  
 But had he view'd each sweet celestial grace,  
 That mantles over lovely STAMERS' face;  
 Vain had been all the Essays of his skill,  
 She must have been confess'd the fairest still.



THE  
FOX HUNT.

---

Hark! hark my Muse! the blust'ring blazers meet,  
A crowd of Horsemen thunder through the street;  
All skilful Riders ey'd by ev'ry lass,  
Ev'n wives and widows bless them as they pass:  
The hoarse loud horn the jovial Huntsman sounds;  
A long the green each pamper'd Courser bounds.  
Our num'rous Troop the well-known heights ascend,  
And Galtee-Hills salute her sporting Friends:  
At once the Dogs set up the usual cry,  
The stretching Steeds at once begin to fly;  
Before, the clamour runs th' affrighted Flock,  
The neighb'ring Vallies tremble with the shock;  
As when strong whirlwinds with a dreadful sound,  
In Autumn sweeps some careful Farmer's ground;



The sheafs are scatter'd with a furious blast;  
 The Women scream,—the Reapers stand aghast.  
 Such is the noise, and such the rapid flight;  
 Up hills and down, we drive with all our might;  
 No threat'ning walls our headlong speed restrain,  
 And foaming floods oppose themselves in vain;  
 Ev'n where deep bogs diffuse their veins around,  
 A faithless bottom—a forbidden ground:  
 No timely check their fiery Steeds obey,  
 Nor fear the quagmire gaping in our way,  
 But rushing on with ardour indiscreet,  
 From the soft-shaking slough,—scarce drag their  
     struggling feet.  
 Ah! shall my Muse the last sad scene unfold?  
 Who could unmov'd poor Reynard's fate behold:  
 The culprit mangl'd midst a lawless pack,  
 (So looks a traitor bleeding on the rack;)  
 Rolls with a threat'ning grin his frightful eyes,  
 And like all stagg'ring Foxes unlamented dies!



THE  
EIDOPHUSICON;

*Or, the POET'S Portrait drawn by Mr. HAVERTY.*

---

Dear HAVERTY 'tis you alone can trace,  
Can animate a Poet's mimic face:  
That living face where all that's learn'd and wise,  
Starts into life and strikes our wond'ring eyes!  
Where by your skill, your all-creative art,  
You tinge the picture and you touch the heart,  
There Poesy in true perfection glows!  
Like fragrance stealing from an op'ning rose,  
Let other plodding Painters 'tempt to grace,  
The animation of a Poet's face,  
But you alone possess the pow'rful art,  
His learning's warm aspirings to impart:  
In you—that noble excellence we find,  
You paint a Poet's face!—and paint a Poet's mind.



THE  
BARD'S GRATEFUL EFFUSIONS.

---

The following lines have been written extempore on the delightful Villa of KILLIMUR, the Seat of HYACINTH BURKE, Esq. To the beauties whereof the most laboured fancy can scarcely add an Iota to enhance the taste and refinement where-with the whole has been planned and executed : nor is it possible in the most enlarged circle of panegyric to find adequate terms of expression for the merits of Mr. BURKE and his Family individually, in the display of every moral and social duty that claims respect and admiration by the liberal estimation which they are legitimately entitled to inspire.

KILLIMUR hail ! blest seat of ev'ry grace,  
That fancy's pencil must with rapture trace ;  
In Shade, in Lawn, in vernal Mead and Grove,  
Delights prime standard model'd from above !  
Where nature vies with art, and art with nature,  
To form a Paradise in ev'ry feature :



Befitting so benevolent an owner,  
 So kind—so good—so generous a Donor!  
 To merit and distress, alike, a friend,  
 His lib'ral Hand with ardour to extend,  
 In all the spirit of spontaneous bounty;  
 To wrest the Palm unsullied from his County.

Thrice happy HYACINTH! decreed by fate,  
 To shine thro' life with thy exalted Mate,  
 In ev'ry bliss that virtue can impart,  
 To grace each finer feeling of the heart!  
 From pure munificence to claim renown,  
 And add fresh laurels to far-fam'd Browne's-town:  
 Laurels as long retain'd, as fairly won,  
 By just transmission down from Sire to Son!  
 Thy Angel-Group, the Heliconian Choir,  
 At Offspring's dawn are ardent to admire;  
 For merit is a blessing they can claim,  
 By sanction of hereditary fame;  
 The second DOMINICK reigns in ev'ry heart,  
 And early bids for acting well his part:—  
 As does his Sire, and did his Grand-Sire too,  
 "Jam Satis" fair KILLIMUR! then adieu!



## THE APOLOGY,

*To Mrs. STAMER, of Carnelly, on seeing her PORTRAIT.*

---

What Artists' Hand dear Madam! yet was seen,  
 That justly could delineate Beauty's Queen?  
 Such charms, such graces in your form prevail,  
 Not only HAVERTY's but LELY's self would fail!  
 What then can justify your rash complaint,  
 Since all the noble luxury of paint;  
 T' express a bloom like your's, is much too feint.  
 Th' attempt tho' vain! can yield him no disgrace,  
 The fault's not in his hand, but in your face;  
 He could not flatter where such beauty dwells,  
 Your bloom his colours, and his art excels;  
 Transcendent forms which so celestial shine!  
 Can't be pourtray'd but by a hand divine.

In thee, and in thy portrait we may view  
 The utmost Nature, or that Art can do,  
 Each is a Masterpiece design'd so well,  
 That future times may strive to parallel,  
 But neither Art or Nature can excel.



## EPITHALAMIUM,

*To JOHN BLAKENEY, Esq. Abert, County Galway.*

BLAKENEY! thou blest descendant of a race!  
 That in the rolls of Honor all may trace;  
 In Ireland's Senate who bore ample sway,  
 From old Queen BESS to this auspicious day!  
 That fate ordain'd to crown thy just deserts,  
 And grasp a treasure in the Queen of hearts;  
 MAHON—the fairest Flow'r of Castlegar,  
 Whose youth, and beauty, in perfection are!  
 MAHON—whom nature model'd as her own,  
 Replete with charms to grace a Monarch's throne!  
 The pride and glory of a Father's name;  
 Which merit freely consecrates to fame.  
 Then may this lovely Pair long prosperous be,  
 In all the sweets of prime felicity:  
 In health and ease, the purest joys to prove,  
 With every precious blessing from above.



THE  
URANOSCOPE;  
OR  
MATRIMONIAL ORRERY.

---

The BARD's reply on being called upon to compare a WOMAN with  
some Phenomenon of Nature.

---

Doctor! you know, the witty DEAN allow'd  
A flaunting Female to be like a cloud;  
But you may take a Simile as soon,  
Between a Woman and the lovely Moon;  
For let mankind now tattle as they will,  
The heav'nly Sex are heav'nly bodies still:  
Grant me, O Muse! to mimic mortal life;  
I say the Sun and Moon are—Man and Wife.



Whatever gen'rous Sol affords to lend her,  
 She fairly squanders upon midnight splendor:  
 And when bright Phœbus shall to rest lie down,  
 She's always up—and sought for thro' the town!  
 In all her beauteous movements She's designing,  
 And in the absence of his Godship shining,  
 Or else sometimes She looks like swilling Tapers,  
 And sometimes fairly in the gloomy vapours;  
 Sometimes She owns at once a Wife's ambition,  
 And shines and glitters quite in opposition:  
 Say is not this a fashionable Pair?  
 For each for t'other never felt one care?  
 Whole days and nights in sep'rate Coaches driving,  
 Whole nights and days to keep asunder striving:  
 Both in the dumps in melancholy weather,  
 And lying only once a month together!  
 But mark! in one sole point unlike the case is,  
 On her own lovely head the Horns She places:  
 But lo! the M\*\*rish race—what, Horns upon ye!  
 Made by young BULL! own Son to Yellow Johnny.



## FLIGHT TO PARNASSUS.

---

*Dedicated to T. SPRING RICE, Esq M. P. Limerick.*

---

Hail, happy RICE! for public good design'd,  
Whose tongue declares the message of the mind :  
Whose words are powerful, and whose presence awe ;  
Whose soul is equity, and voice is law.  
Unbridled transport in each bosom glows,  
When smooth as Shannon your pure diction flows ;  
Alike they roll in majesty along,  
More deep than rapid,—more diffus'd than strong.  
Accomplished Man! with sterling periods blest,  
To warm the Patriot and the Public breast ;  
Whose judgment triumphs in the fairest light,  
And shines resplendent in the Nation's sight :



To serve the City, you each hour employ,  
 Abroad their ornament,—at home their joy;  
 At home the bulwark of the people's laws,  
 Abroad protecting ev'ry injured cause;  
 Your stedfast principles the test abide;  
 Spurn at corruption and ambition's pride,  
 With firm integrity, you're still the same,  
 No slave to prejudice,—no fool to fame;  
 Scorning to sail down faction's headlong flood;  
 A Patriot only for the public good.  
 These sacred dignities to you belong,  
 To bloom for ever, and to live in song:  
 Long shall success your worth and talents claim,  
 And join the current of your spreading fame,  
 Where list'ning Courts in solemn silence bend,  
 And sacred Senators your voice attend.  
 Where fell corruption and her gilded claws,  
 No more debase our liberties and laws:  
 Envy and fraud must in your days decay,  
 And GEORGE and JUSTICE, over LIMERICK sway.



## TRIPLE ELEGY.

Sacred to the memories of JOHN O'KELLY, Esq. of TYCOOLY, in the County of Galway. Together with his two LOVELY BROTHERS, who have been carried off before himself.—These three (much lamented) Young Gentlemen, are now in the blissful enjoyments of their God: and crowned in the mansions of eternal Glory.

*"Atra dies et funere mersunt acerbo."*

---

Ah! why these wailings that so sadly flow!

Or has the tragic Muse her theme begun?

A theme replete with melancholy woe,

'Tis now TYCOOLY mourns her darling Son.

Oh, unexpected stroke!—Oh, fate severe!

Her Hope, Her blossom, late in Manhood's bloom;

The best of Youths has past upon the bier,

To sleep for ages in a silent tomb!

Short was his date within this vale of woe,

And short alas! his blooming Brothers' lot;

For them the kindred tears shall freely flow,

Nor is by Friends their early doom forgot.



Come elegiac Muse! their loss bewail,

And strew fresh flow'rets on their cold-clay urns,  
Let fond remembrance swell the piteous tale,

Whilst for these LOVELY Boys fair candour mourns!

In them, did friendship's sentiments combine,

In them, each bliss that could the mind adorn!

In them, did virtue and her kindred shine,

But, them, the fates severe, from earth have torn!

In them did honor clearly prove her claim,

Their worth (though young) would riper years endow;  
Their inclination fraught with ev'ry aim,

That sense or knowledge could on them bestow,

But now alas! these promised joys are fled!—

And deep affliction spreads her gloom around;  
Each flatt'ring prospect which our hopes have fed,  
Retire,—and add fresh Venom to the wound;

Secure in full possession of their LORD,

Immortal scope to their rapt souls is given;  
Which prove with pleasure in their blest abode,  
A youthful Life's the safest road to Heaven!



## THE URSA MAJOR.

---

As Madness, Folly, Dullness, Awkwardness,  
 Met all by chance together at a Mess :  
 First madness takes the word, Oh! sisters why,  
 Do we live strangers, and each other fly?  
 In different parts our dwelling is you know,  
 One with the Blab,—another with the Beau :  
 One doth the Country—one the Town delight,  
 But different objects know our force and might,  
 Now let us all henceforth as neighbours grow,  
 And in one Object all our influence shew :  
 For this we'll all the faculties engross,  
 Of some huge Beast unskill'd in verse or prose!  
 Whose bulk enormous and whose face canine,  
 Was ne'er created by no hand divine!  
 But Sisters! with one common voice declare;  
 What name this blust'ring Hottentot shall bear:  
 "BEAR OF THE WEST," in him alone I find,  
 These sought conditions in this Brute combin'd:  
 They all agree—and said he was their prey,  
 And over DENIS exercise their sway!



## THE SIMILE.

Written on the beautiful Beach of LEHINCH, in the County of Clare;  
this Romantic Spot so long admired by many, is the property of  
ANDREW STACKPOOL, Esquire.

This erudite Gentleman is admired by a numerous circle of Friends,  
and caressed by a grateful Tenantry, being one of the most lenient  
Landlords in this Land of aristocratic speculation.

My life is like the Summer Rose,  
That opens to the morning Sky:  
But e're the shade of evening close,  
Is scatter'd on the ground to die.

But on the Rose's humble bed,  
The sweetest dews of night are shed;  
As if she wept, such waste to see:  
But who?—alas! shall weep for me:



My life is like the autumn leaf,

That trembles in the noon's pale ray;

Its hold is frail,—its date is brief,

Restless,—and soon to pass away!

Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,

The parent-tree shall mourn its shade!

The winds bewail the leafless tree;

But who shall then bewail for me?

My life is like the print which feet,

Have left on Lehinch desert strand;

Soon as the rising-tide shall beat,

The track shall vanish from the sand;

Yet, as if grievous to efface,

The vestage of the human race!

On that fond shore loud roars the sea;

Who, but the NINE shall roar for me,



THE  
INVITATION.

*To P. SH\*\*K\*Y, Esq. M. D. Cork.*

To Doctor Sh\*\*k\*y fly dear Card,  
With deep respect and friend's regard:  
And beg of Him this day to dine,  
On dainty Viands with the NINE:  
ERATO and MELPOMONE,  
Invites him in the friendly way;  
THALIA, CALLIOPE, CLIO,  
Shall of our party form a TRIO!  
EUTERPE, and TERPSICHORE,  
Shall make for Us the ev'ning tea!  
URANIA, and gay POLYHYMNY,  
You'd swear, would fly you up the Chimney;



So eager they, to make Our toast:  
 Such as no Bishop's Board could boast!  
 CLIO th' ARBITRESS of Taste,  
 Must be the MISTRESS of the Feast.—  
 At Five o'Clock, our Beard shall smoke;  
 Our hearts shall thrill with Joy and Joke.  
 At head, shall be a well-fed Turkey,  
 In which the Russian Dwarf could lurk, aye;  
 The foot, a Venison Haunch shall grace,  
 Enough for Aldermen—a Brace:  
 We'll envy not JOHN BULL his Hog;  
 Nor long for Mousieur's meagre Frog;  
 Our Side Dishes of richest flavour,  
 Of wit's most piquant sauce shall savour;  
 Our drink shall be the choicest Cask,  
 From which old Bacchus fills his flask,  
 When he and Momus drain the Sky,  
 And here quaff IMMORTALITY:  
 Our chat the Quire to peace shall be,  
 Of Physic, and of Poetry,



THE

## EIDOURANIUM.

Addressed to a Lady in LOUGHREA who loved Dancing, and  
 wanted some lines on the subject.



Madam! must I, in my instructivè lay;  
 Thy dancing, praise, LAURETTA of LOUGHREA!  
 (Yes sweet LOUGHREA,—where light and heavy trip, it;  
 From big SIR CLOWN, to little MADAM TIPPET.  
 Ah! gen'rous B\*\*\*\*s may Heav'ns be still your lot,  
 Throughout your life full well you knew to trot!  
 And GEORGE,—my Friend—'till human flesh is rotten,  
 Your new Quadrilles will never be forgotten!)

Permit me then this maxim to advance,  
 That all this world is nothing but a Dance:

H



For all the human race, both Man and Woman,  
 To Dance their rounds is evident and common:  
 DAVID of yore,—that good and mighty King,  
 Would dance betimes,---and dance as well as sing;  
 Lords, who at Court, would wish to keep their ground,  
 Must also dance the year attendance round.  
 Whole nations dance together:—frisking France,  
 Has led our kingdoms many a woeful dance!  
 Some folks will tell that Portugal and Spain,  
 Are now resolv'd to take us out again!  
 And should we go to dance by Sea or Land,  
 May GEORGE THE FOURTH still dance the upper hand.

All Nature now is one great Ball we find,  
 The Water daily dancing to the Wind;  
 The Sea itself, both Morning, Night and Noon,  
 Rises,—and capers to the very Moon!  
 The Moon herself, around the earth does tread,  
 A zig-zag cheshire round in orient red:  
 The Earth and Planets dance around the Sun,  
 And GOD HIMSELF knows when their dance is done!  
 But when great Nature's in one Chaos blended,  
 Then we can justly say, the Ball is ended.



THE  
HYMENEAL ORGIES;

OR,

THE PRIEST'S BEST PENNY!

I greet my Muse, who may be fairly counted,  
A Lazy-Hack as ever Poet mounted:  
A Jade, that ev'ry Blockhead would enjoy,  
But still in vain; because extremely coy:  
Yet, by mere dint of serious Invocation,  
I mean to win, or pitch her to damnation!!!  
As all our Grand and Petit Jurors do,  
And oft 'tis known the Priest! and Parson too!



*With or without her aid, I sing the Wedding,  
 From scratching time at dawn, to th' hour of bedding;  
 'Till Pork and Whiskey clos'd the festive scene,  
 And Tague was ripe to grunt with Cattleen.*

Soon as bright Sol our dunghills did adorn,  
 And crowing Cocks, and Cur-dogs hail'd the morn;  
 When smoke in volumes roll'd o'er thatchless roofs,  
 And Tinkers, Pipers, Bag-men on the hoofs,  
 Cast from their Kennels and forsaken fleas,  
 Allow'd their blood-stain'd nails a writ of ease,  
 When scrubbing, scouring, scalding, broom and shovel,  
 Combin'd to grace and ornament the hovel:  
 Joan's kindred friends, a motley group complete,  
 Flock'd in from ev'ry side to grace the Fete;  
 To prove their prowess and their teeth to try,  
 And Potteen's known omnipotence defy:  
 To howl such notes as cannot be forgot,  
 And revel in a systematic trot.

Our Barber first a most judicious wight,  
 To scalp a mazzard, or a jest recite,  
 Came foremost half an Hamlet to unbristle,  
 Ere he would grease his chops or wet his whistle.



With hand so tremulous and blunted saw,  
 To hack and lacerate a leatheren jaw.  
 The solemn Clerk innur'd to gulp and swill,  
 To tell old tales, and catechise with skill;  
 With Wake, and Chapel-news an ample store,  
 The Priest himself had scarcely treasur'd more;  
 And with sound lungs and memory complete  
 Th' admiring flock pronounc'd him a Gazette;  
 To prove him hungry and sincerely thirsting,  
 Work'd double tides 'till rotten ripe for bursting:  
 Determined still to play the hardy sinner,  
 And with full gout to gormandize a dinner;  
     The dingy Smith, be-dusted and be-sweated,  
 With fresh Forge-news each stragling Guest he treated;  
     The Miller next came forward to reveal,  
 The woeful wonders of a hopper tale;  
     The Constable by virtue of his staff,  
 Arriv'd betimes, thirsting a flood to quaff;  
 To keep the peace obedient to his Worship,  
 And wrest from daring-hands the Pike and Horse-whip.  
     The Bleeder and the Cow-leech came together,  
 With sage foreboding of the wind and weather;



With solemn gait and hypocritic air,  
To win respect and feast on dainty fare.

The snuffling Groom, whose purple nose was wry'd;  
The valient Cobler, oft in battle tried;  
And limping Luke, and Barnaby the strong,  
This fam'd for wrestling,—that renown'd for song;

Next Gerund-Griander, whose sublime orations,  
Play hide and seek with all the conjugations;  
In loud debate the Priest he values not,  
And can spout Latin fast as curs can trot;  
With knowledge great, and faculties so good,  
When most he speaks he least is understood;  
With learning pregnant ancient manners grac'd,  
Confess'd a Delphian-Oracle at least.

The Taylor nimble as an August-flea,  
At length arriv'd, to frisk the hours away;  
The Clowns despising ev'ry Fop so nice,  
No form would furnish for the King of L\*\*e!  
Unask'd he came—and not a bit remain'd,  
But Bacon-skins of juice and substance drain'd;  
The blunted knives no morsel could divide,  
His scissors here the painful task supplied;



Clip'd off in bits and Cabbag'd by his Laws;  
 His grinders felt the craving of his maws.  
 Hurroo! here comes the Piper and the Bard!  
 Determin'd each to play a leading Card;  
 In mirth and jollity at once to revel,  
 And pitch their cares and crutches to the Devil.

These with their wives, their sisters, daughters came:  
 With black-ey'd Kate, long trumpet'd by fame;  
 Young Green so glorious in her best array,  
 Whose easy heart became a Footman's prey;  
 Nan the coy nymph, that shunn'd the Squire's embrace;  
 The Coachman's Dowdy, with her brandy-face;  
 Capricious Mag, who from her lover stray'd;  
 And Jenny Stitch, a most undoubted Maid;  
 Nell oft entangled in her husband's hair;  
 Fat Pegg who ne'er came sober from a fair;  
 Old Prudence envious of each Neighbour's bliss;  
 And buxom Bess that ne'er refused a kiss;  
 Young widow Wagg whose heart had stray'd from Heav'n;  
 And sweet Miss Bab a child of twenty-seven;  
 The matron Midwife brawny as a hulk,  
 And wondrous to behold in breech and bulk;



A moving mountain mop'd; a faithful guide;  
 To model, manage, and instruct the Bride;  
 Lo! Fanny Curl, link'd with my Lady's-maid,  
 As friends step'd in to see the Bride array'd:  
 In such rare gear as would astound the throng;  
 Enrich a ballad and adorn a song.  
 The Gentry next, complete the hurly-burley,  
 To grace the nuptials of sweet Joan Mac-curley;  
 The Squire,—the Farmer, and the Farmer's Mate;  
 Some to enjoy the fun; and some to eat.  
 Improv'd in grease the Cook who could forget,  
 Surcharg'd with Potteen, and bedaub'd with sweat!  
 To roast and *spoil*, who has so rare a knack,  
 The world must venerate the Saffron Sack;  
 She tugg'd,—she toil'd,—she foam'd and fretted too,  
 Nay ev'n she swore the Dinner to undo.

A Horde of Beggars, lazard, lank and lame,  
 Impell'd by hunger, and allur'd by fame;  
 Be-bagg'd, be-ragg'd, be-clouted and undone,  
 Arriv'd—to give, and take a Benison;  
 On garbage, offals, cabbage, broth and crumbs,  
 To feast, and on soft dunghills rest their Bums.



At last the Priest, the Carver of the Soul,  
 Arriv'd to shed a lustre o'er the whole,  
 In learning useful, and in manners nice,  
 Whose looks would pierce the adamant of vice,  
 A bellow'd welcome roar'd from wall to wall,  
 But one stern glance was answer to them all.  
 Sure of the Marriage Fee, he mildly ey'd,  
 The modest posture of the trembling Bride:  
 Obedience mark'd her face, tho' prudely coy,  
 To taste the bliss she labour'd to enjoy;  
 From pure incentives,—purer predilection,  
 Full eager to enjoy his—Benediction;  
 So straight the Levite and the Bride retir'd,  
 With all the fervency of zeal inspir'd;  
 To prove those joys attendant in profusion,  
 On penitence refin'd by absolution.  
 The Bridegroom next was handled,—shap'd for Heav'n,  
 And all the errors of his life forgiv'n:  
 The holy Father then the Curtain drew,  
 To close the scene, and haste the Banquet too;  
 Th' impatient Crowd, all long'd on ev'ry side;  
 Again appear'd the Bridegroom and the Bride;



To whom the Levite:—tho' as yet quite sober;  
 Engulph'd a Goblet of stout, brown October,  
 "Accept, thou gentlest of thy sex!"—said he,  
 "These lasting joys our Church reserves for thee;  
 And that pure blessing to enhance still more,  
 Be lib'ral to the Priesthood and the Poor:  
 Small is the province of a Christian Wife,  
 How limited her sphere within this life?  
 Within that compass she must move aright,  
 And prudence still with industry unite:  
 Her happy Partner then, will bless the day,  
 He gave to her his Hand and Heart away.  
 With rev'rence due receive the bridal ring,  
 And know that wedlock is a sacred thing:  
 This all the Patriarchs, Prophets, Kings confest:  
 Ev'n CHRIST himself a nuptial-banquet blest:  
 The limpid water luscious wine became,—  
 (Ah! would to Heav'n that Priests could do the same!)  
 Fair as thou art, affect no lawless sway,  
 For Peter says that Females should obey:  
 And thus Saint Paul his sentiments display'd:  
 Woman for Man, and Man for God, was made:



Then my good Child! by sage advice be led,  
 At home, abroad, at table and in Bed!  
 For idle whims neglect no wordly care,  
 Yet some fond moments for thy husband spare;  
 Nor grudge to pay the matrimonial debt,  
 A *pleasing task* which few young wives forget.  
 Heav'n bless your Mother with eternal rest,  
 Who ne'er sat growling at a stranger-guest.  
 Do thou like her an honest fame acquire:  
 Let needy travellers share thy cheerful fire;  
 Regale the Clergy with a plenteous feast,  
 And have a Christ'ning once a year at least."  
 He said, and clos'd the rites,—Tom hugg'd his bride:  
 The *Belles* teh-he'd and turn'd their heads aside!  
 Whilst Ananias blest them o'er again,  
 And Roger scratch'd his pate, and belch'd—Amen.

At length a happier scene engage the eye,  
 For lo! to Dinner all with ardour hie:  
 A noisome clangour ev'ry ear annoys,  
 The shrill precursor of approaching joys;  
 Now closely hemm'd scarce could an earthquake rout 'em,  
 While Ducks and Geese and Turkeys smok'd about 'em:



Knives,—Dishes,—Platters form a counter din,  
 Grateful to those without, and these within;  
 The Beef and Mutton made the tables groan,  
 In numbers equal'd by Clonbrock's alone.  
 Fat Geese, the boast of each surrounding Grange,  
 Half pluck'd,—half dress'd,—a savr'y disarrange;  
 Fat Pork parboil'd, and Hens as fat, and pullets,  
 Enough to daintify agrestic gullets!  
 Enormous Butter-rolls like shapeless Brick,  
 And heaps of Oaten-cakes, full Deal-board thick;  
 A Psalmagundi and Potato-puff,  
 Be-butter'd, 'scallion'd and be-spic'd enough,  
 With Garbage various and unnumber'd slops,  
 Their taste to please and occupy their chops,  
 Smok'd on the board—with many dishes more,  
 Too num'rous for my pen in counting o'er;  
 In style and excellence to vie at least,  
 With great O'RORKE's or GILLOE's noble feast.  
 First in the chase the MAN OF GOD was seen,  
 To carve and gorge, and carve and gorge again:  
 With jaw-bone stout that Sampson's 'twould excel,  
 And would the host of Philistines repel;



Their Ghostly Leader his Disciples follow,  
 With equal rage to lacerate and swallow.  
 Never did Ostriches on carions prey,  
 With such voracious appetites as they!  
 Or ne'er was *flesh* so silently devour'd:  
 The Beer in vain from foaming cags was pour'd!—  
 But soon the *Bev'rage* rous'd them; after grace,  
 Stout *Innishone* vermillion'd ev'ry face;  
 Quick, Bowls and Bottles went in circulation,  
 And Liquor threaten'd a small inundation:  
 The noise that's past, was nothing to what follow'd,  
 Some grumbled, curst, some belch'd and others swallow'd:  
 The PRIEST with PANGLOSS,—*all* aloud uproar,  
 And some had wit that wanted wit before.  
 Now NOON and CUNNINGHAM began to sound,  
 Whilst notes symphonic fill'd the void around;  
 True Sons of *Orpheic* origin well known.  
 Unmatch'd at Chaunter,—Horo,—Tenor-Drone,  
 Straight to the dance the brawny Hinds repair,  
 At once to win the no less brawny Fair;  
 They tugg'd, and toil'd, alternate, 'till so heated,  
 They stumbled, strutted, stagger'd, st\*\*k and sweated!!



Ah! what a scene the midnight hour display'd!  
 A scene Chaotic, Nature disarray'd:  
 With living Carcasses the floor bespread!  
 While SHEWANE's breech sustain'd the Barber's head!  
 Black MOLL and KATE the Barber's barbarous wife,  
 Tugg'd in each others locks a mortal strife:  
 The Cookmaid snorted in an easy chair,  
 Her arms extended and her butt\*\*k bare!!!  
 And PEGG by witchcraft or by wind oppress,  
 (O may no straggler interrupt her rest!)  
 She snor'd and snorted!! whilst the latent Charms  
 Of JOAN, were ransack'd in MULROONY's arms.  
 What dreaming, screaming, grunting next succeeded?  
 What skulls were batter'd, Wigs and Shawls unheeded?  
 What Babes begot?—What hasty matches clos'd?  
 What wives were cropsick, and what husbands dos'd?  
 Would tire the patience of a modern JOE:  
 'Till MORR appear'd array'd in purple robe,  
 When LARK and Screech-owl their shrill notes divide,  
 To cheer the motley Group,—and hail the BRIDE.



## THE REQUEST.

To the Rev. Mr. ARTHUR HERBERT, of BALLINAMONA, near Mallow, on his kind promise of Patronage to the BARD; thus renewing the Literary Connexion which subsisted between them at an early period of Life, the impressions of which are the most lasting.



Hail HERBERT! now to Manhood grown,

In grace and dignity of mind,—

Tho' youthful days are nobly flown,

Remembrance still remains behind.

To tell of all thy artless views,

Thy friendship, candor, and regard:

When tutor'd by the grateful MUSE,

You gladly hail'd the faithful BARD.

Then while he still indulgent sings,

Attendant on thy rising worth:

That like an Oak in splendor springs

From Honor,—principle and Birth!



Then be thy pride to cheer the Muse,  
 To whom thy infant fancies fled,  
 When virtue studied to diffuse  
 Her treasures o'er thy Heart and Head.  
 Be thou the first to Patronize  
 Her efforts for the public Page:  
 On thee she fervently relies,  
 To cheer her in her riper age.

When she hath form'd thy ductile mind,  
 For Manhood's noble sapient store,  
 To hail within thy breast enshrined,  
 The choicest GEMS of chasten'd lore.

Now while thy Int'rest far extends,  
 Where ever Taste and Wit exist:  
 Make for the BARD some useful Friends,  
 To grace his long Subscription-List.



THE  
RECONCILIATION.

Most humbly Dedicated to the WHITE-ROBED FATHERS of Connaught and Munster; to whom the AUTHOR is greatly indebted for their liberal support and kind patronage throughout his endeavours to celebrate all that is worthy and benevolent in his native Country, ERIN.

At length my friends arriv'd is Freedom's Sun,  
And hence our days in cloudless bliss shall run;  
No stern misfortune, with her bigot rage,  
Shall mark with fury the historic page.  
Twice sixty winters roll'd the gath'ring storm;  
Since gen'rous love has taught our breast to warm;  
But fell Suspicion and her haggard train,  
Had fix'd their dreary inauspicious reign.



THE  
DEODAND.

*Dedicated to DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq. &c. &c. &c.  
the intrepid assertor of his Country's rights.*

*Omne regnum in se ipsum divisum desolabitur.*

Luke, Chap. xi. Verse 17.

Let us have one Heart, one Hand, and as many Creeds as we please.  
MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

When civil discord lighted up her brand,  
And desolation stalk'd throughout the land;  
When crowds infuriate did to madness flee,  
(The sad result of *Camden policy*.)  
But GEORGE and JUSTICE have at last descry'd,  
This vile *state-trick*, and laid the veil aside,  
Nay e'en the populace they did beguile,  
Their fell seducers, now with rage revile:



To fairest order all with gladness cling,  
 True to their Country,—faithful to their King.  
 Conscious of th' errors they embraced before,  
 And piously resolv'd to err no more.  
 Their enmity is prov'd, (as all men know,)  
 To light with vengeance on the common foe:  
 Witness their feats in Portugal and Spain,  
 Witness how long and oft they've rul'd the main:  
 For Irish Prowess does at danger smile,  
 As has been amply witness'd on the Nile:  
 Trafalgar too, the testimony bears,  
 How great and glorious our heroic Tars;  
 Nay France must feel, and witness to her coat,  
 That th' Irish Tarpawling is Britain's boast.  
 Then to what height of madness did arrive,  
 Th' unthinking few, who would old fewds revive?  
 The day of reason is approaching fast,  
 And bigot-rage must dissipate at last.  
 The patient Catholics their trammels bore,  
 Nor e'er repin'd for six score years and more!  
 At such privation from their common due,  
 Tho' long enjoy'd by Infidel and Jew;



They've oft petition'd for their native right,  
 As oft been buffeted by lawless might :  
 Their actions, nay their thoughts pronounc'd awry ;  
 Nor can sound sense advance one reason why.  
 But those monopolists aggroup'd of late,  
 Presume to square the measure of their fate.  
 Scar'd by the Bug-bears of a powder plot,  
 Humanity and Justice are forgot ;  
 They fret, they foam, they rave, they starve, they st\*\*k,  
 For cowards from ideal danger shrink.  
 This *buffle-headed-Junto* who can view,  
 But with an eye that marks contempt their due.  
 Sure ev'ry lib'ral Protestant is proud,  
 To aid our claims, and wish our claims allow'd :  
 Wisely adjudging unanimity,  
 The bond and cement of stability ;  
 And holding in contempt the old-wife's story,  
 That would revive the dreams of WHIG and TORY :  
 Convinc'd that members of community,  
 Equal in right, should equally be free :  
 To them therefore our warmest thanks are due,  
 For aid, support, good faith and friendship too ;



For their best efforts at consolidation,  
 Of peace and unity throughout the nation,  
 By means that God and Man must sure approve,  
 And grace the reign of harmony and love.  
 In Deligation sure with reasons fit,  
 The Catholics have made a lucky hit:  
 Th' august, th' illustrious LEINSTER condescends,  
 To be our best of advocates and friends:  
 In his great Father's steps he's proud to tread,  
 And in each noble deed to take the lead;  
 Then let Hosannas in our church be sung,  
 That God may bless him and his life prolong.  
 By advocacy of the great FINGAL,  
 (A peer long lov'd and long rever'd by all)  
 In ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace refin'd,  
 That indicates a pure—a noble mind.  
 The Knight of GLINSK and fav'rite of fame,  
 Born to extend the honors of his name,  
 In this just cause a champion is,—or more,  
 As his Progenitors have been before:  
 His cares, his wishes, and exertions tend  
 To prove the zealous advocate and friend.



Far-fam'd O'CONNOR, good as he is great,  
 A full Emancipation to compleat,  
 Exerts the talents by kind nature giv'n,  
 And proves himself a Delegate of Heav'n;  
 His Country's woes with ardour to redress,  
 And found the Basis of our happiness.  
 Sublime O'CONNELL, dire oppressions foe,  
 Whose taste and talents all the world must know;  
 Wonders hath done, and wonders yet will do,  
 His honest, earnest purpose to pursue.  
 For such an advocate in such a cause,  
 Oracular in all our living laws:  
 Will put dumb-founded Puritans to shame,  
 His point to gain and eternize his name.  
 The great O'GORMAN, liberty's true friend,  
 The force of talent freely did extend,  
 With ardent wish to meliorate our woes,  
 And link those friends that too, too long are foes.  
 SHEIL now has sprung a Champion in our cause,  
 May well enjoy the tribute of applause,  
 To merit in excess so justly due,  
 For earnest zeal, good-will and candour too.



FINLAY, a BLACKSTONE and a COOKE in one,  
 Of law and equity a favorite son,  
 In all our wounds to pour a healing balm,  
 To Cicero would scarcely yield the palm.  
 PHILLIPS, the first-born son of sense and wit,  
 Whom all approve as nature's lucky hit:  
 Our wrongs has pointed with a master's hand,  
 From foul oppression to redeem the land.  
 Our mitred GURONS to their vocation just,  
 Have faithfully discharg'd their Heavenly trust:  
 Timely and wisely judging as they should,  
 That none could serve a Mammon and a God.  
 Or that mere Courtier without faith or unction,  
 Could e'er improve the Sacardotal function.  
 Th' enlighten'd DOYLE, whom ev'n our foes revere,  
 Is pure in morals and in faith sincere,  
 For, call'd and chosen, his decisions prove,  
 Beyond all doubt his mission from above.  
 To countless numbers gratefully we bend,  
 Who did with energy our cause defend,  
 With such philanthropy and manly spirit,  
 As must unite sound policy with merit:



In that fair-fame they have so fairly won,  
 And kind remembrance long will rest upon.  
 Yet tho' strict Justice is so long denied,  
 And our allegiance woefully belied;  
 The time approaches when we will resist,  
 The shafts of rancour and dispel the mist:  
 Whereby th' unthinking has been clouded long,  
 And malice has confounded right with wrong,  
 By means that reason must attach to sense,  
 And ev'ry rule of public right dispense:  
 For Majesty, tho' distant from the throng,  
 And oft impos'd on, won't be hood-wink'd long;  
 Since truth and justice Majesty must sway,  
 And common reason tear the veil away:  
 Our good Liege Lord still adverse to oppression,  
 Vengeance wont pour on those who shun aggression;  
 Nor will a Senate from experience wise,  
 The rightful pray'r of millions still despise:  
 Or by coercion drive to desperation,  
 The sterling bulwark of a martial nation;  
 In war intrepid and in peace who border,  
 On excellence in moral and good order,



Because Fanatics, vulgar as vindictive,  
 Presume to dictate modes and laws restrictive:  
 A *dastard medley* envious of the merit,  
 Attach'd for ages to our faith and spirit;  
 From manhood as humanity exempt,  
 And whom the world repudiates with contempt;  
 Whose vile Credenda, horrid and pernicious,  
 Would e'en disgrace a modern Dionycious:  
 Which if adopted, obviously presages,  
 A sad revival of the barbarous ages;  
 But their high-tide is low'ring to an ebb;  
 We won't be hamper'd in a spider's web:  
 Since ev'ry law of ev'ry reign agrees,  
 To loyal subjects Liberty and Ease.

### MULTUM IN PARVO.

*On the much-lamented death of Mrs. Shannon of Limerick;*

Some Poet's say, that pure benevolence,  
 With spotless virtue,—Cent'ries fled from hence;  
 The bold assertion must be now denied;  
 'Twas th' other day good Mrs. SHANNON died,



THE

## WESTERN MOON-LIGHT;

OR, THE

## SORROWFUL PLEASURES OF A WAKE

When Sol's old Garrons founder'd hack'd and heated,  
 A long days journey nearly had completed :  
 Their batter'd hoofs begrim'd, and chops to cool,  
 Eager they plung'd in Connamara pool,  
 And gave his Godship time to feast with ~~Themis~~,  
 On shellfish, herrings, mountain and hog potatoes.  
 When crouded rook'ries with their deadly din,  
 Croak'd ~~jaded~~ birds, to slumber or to sin;



And wearied Nature sinking to a doze,  
 Had chanted ere the mandate to repose,  
 O'erpower'd with sleep, I occupied a bed,  
 And on the pillow just had laid my head,  
 When lo! my ears were instantly assail'd,  
 And all the horrors of an age reveal'd;  
 Now in the heat of this tremendous scene,  
 A roar proclaim'd the death of Ezzelin;  
 Oh! woeful sound, tho' usher'd in with joy,  
 At once to grieve, to gladden and annoy;  
 The village brats in wild confusion run,  
 To hail the gloomy hour of grief and fun,  
 The rustic matrons in their throats convey,  
 The gloom of sorrows which no tears display;  
 And thus product a motley convocation,  
 To drink unboundedly for her salvation,  
 With every mark of doubtful ostentation,  
 Such direful whiling and such mirth takes place,  
 That pity seems quite loaded with disgrace,  
 Straightway they aim (without a shade of doubt),  
 With zeal to festivate a rabble rout.



Her darling *manes* brings a just uproar,  
 That o'er the mounds of mother-earth shall soar.  
 Arriv'd at last in grief's full pomp array'd,  
 The Bumps huzza'd, the Wenches laugh'd and pray'd,  
 And long, too long, in unison they bellow'd,  
 'Till all the chords of harmony were mellow'd,  
 While ~~EVERETT~~ reverb'd from ev'ry tongue,  
 The grave, the volatile, the old, the young,  
 Responded ev'ry howl, and echo'd ev'ry song;  
 The howl subsided, and the laugh restrain'd,  
 Order restor'd, sage gravity regain'd,  
 MELPOMENE proceeds in doleful strains,  
 To paint the scene of ~~EVERETT~~'s remains.  
 A canopy of soot-stain'd sheets array'd,  
 Of grief symbolic gracefully display'd,  
 And sable tape in various antique knots,  
 Mottled the Corpse, and serv'd as beauty-spots;  
 With thistles, hemlock, fern and dock bespread,  
 No pains were spar'd to decorate the dead:  
 Three bottle-necks, both solid, deep and wide,  
 The lack of lustre legally supplied;



Well suited to sustain a rushy blaze,  
 Whose splendour blendid pleasure with amaze;  
 One trencher teem'd a broach of chopp'd mundunges;  
 The other with pure essence of smelfungus;  
 Precious as diamonds in a splendid casket:  
 So pipes unnumber'd occupied a basket,  
 To gratify the sleepers and the smokers,  
 And ope a field of fun for brats and jokers;  
 When ev'ry tube in torrid blazes shone,  
 From this of Cathleen, to that of Jone;  
 When spitting, coughing, belching, grunting, puffing,  
 Kept even pace with scratching and with snuffing!—  
 A loud O yes!— from wall to wall resounded,  
 When all their arms from wall to wall they grounded:  
 To honour the appearance of Macsur,  
 To shield their shins, and keep their spirits up;  
 Until O'CONNOR came whom they expected,  
 And who in turn they equally respected;  
 This pantomimic scene at last was clos'd,  
 And all the actors disarrang'd and dos'd,  
 Resum'd their pipes, and squatted all around;  
 When SARAH came prepar'd to stand her ground:



She stood it well.—The game of splink succeeds,  
 When ev'ry blister'd paw both smarts and bleeds:  
 The howl, mean while, betimes is bellow'd o'er,  
 In all the daleid strains of wild uproar!  
 Where with the mob, and *ave-maria* mix,  
 To waft old EVZLEEN beyond the Styx,  
 The rude brogue game, and well-known blind man's-buff,  
 Evinc'd each brawny kind of solid stuff;  
 And prov'd the fair of solid stuff also,  
 As their sweet-hearts from sad experience know:  
 To hide the ring, and eke to shift the glove,  
 To trip Shane boy, and tell old tales of love:  
 They act their part, and know the reason why,  
 With equal gladness, as they laugh,—or—cry.  
 And here an *ave-maria* next was mutter'd,  
 With all the grief of indevotion utter'd;  
 When ev'ry sorrowing friend was heard and seen,  
 To thump the Coffin of old EVZLEEN;  
 Whilst all the energy of Irish cry,  
 Was clearly mark'd on ev'ry tearless eye.  
 This wild uproar of frantic sadness o'er,  
 Th' exhausted mourners load their pipes once more;



Their down-cast spirits wishing to retrieve,  
 To puff affliction off, and cease to grieve;  
 To hear the prodigies of OSSIAN wrought,  
 His fame in war,—the battles that he fought:  
 The mighty deeds of glorious FION-MAC-COOL,  
 How manly OSCAR fought and play'd the fool:  
 And all the tales of legendary birth,  
 That lead to sorrow and engender mirth.  
 MACFLUMMERZ, (the laureate of the night,)  
 An Orator, and Demi-bard outright;  
 To prove his powers and win the palm beside,  
 Their eager wishes straight-way gratified;  
 He told,—retold,—and sung, resung again,  
 Enough to addle any other brain;  
 Until a general buzz aroqs'd the throng,  
 Usher'd a cry, an awe, and a song;  
 When each departs fatigued by fates and roaring,  
 To his own shed to crown the night in snoring.



## THE WELCOME.

*On the safe arrival of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount  
DILLON, at his magnificent Seat at Loughglynne.*

Illustrious DILLON! princely as thou art:  
Accept th' oblations of a grateful heart,  
Who long, and justly, did thy absence mourn,  
And shares the gen'ral joy at thy return;  
To renovate thy fame that far extends,  
And bless thy num'rous tenantry and friends;  
To aid th' oppress'd, th' oppressor to restrain,  
And grace the honors of thy *Aquitain*;  
With all the countless virtues of thy race,  
Learning with sense, and dignity with grace;  
One leading feature consecrates the whole,  
Compriz'd in native dignity of soul!  
Then live great Man! to Justice ever dear,  
Be happy still in each succeeding year;  
Be number'd with the Patriarchs of yore,  
And at Loughglynne the golden age restore,  
For 'tis the constant wish and ardent pray'r,  
Of suppliant Crowds that thou should'st anchor there.



A TRUE TRANSLATION OF  
CUPPAUN Y'ARA,

*Written by CARROLAN, in the year 1718.*

---

Were I blest in sweet Arron, or Carlingford's-shade,  
Where Ships swiftly gliding for pleasure or trade:  
Where Claret delicious, in bumpers go round,  
And music enlivens the symphonic sound:  
Far dearer to me is O'HARA'S sweet seat,  
Sweet Nymphs-field! thou blest, and endearing retreat;  
Where my soul still enliven'd, breathes forth in the song,  
And my hours in soft raptures glide swiftly along;  
Where each grateful heart drinks a health to its Lord,  
In humming brown Beer, here in plenty is stor'd;  
Diffusing soft comfort and glee to the heart;  
Yes, the Cup of O'HARA would greater impart:  
'Tis dearer to me, it enlivens my laugh;  
And my fingers run quicker while bumpers I quaff;  
But why should a Poet on praising it dwell,  
Since in taste and in flavour it so much excel;  
Come then my friend TERENCE to this happy plain,  
Where we'll toast in full bumpers our noble friend KEAN.



THE

## TRIPLE-EDEN.

Adare! Askeaton! and Kilmallock hail!  
 Cathedral monuments of INNISFAIL;  
 In hoary ruins still you nobly stand:  
 Relics of grandeur in our native land!  
 To tell of all our glory, all our fame,  
 When nations wonder'd at our early name:  
 For arts and sciences, for love and might,  
 And honor pure as Sol's sublimest light:  
 How sad is recollection as it strays,  
 To Erin's greatness in departed days?  
 Ere foreign foes and bigot strangers came,  
 To blast the pages of our ancient fame:



But yet if spleen or malice medly dare,  
 To question what we did, or what we were;  
 To you in sacred duty we appeal,  
 Our claims to early merit to reveal:  
 With you the eyes of admiration find,  
 Whatever art has happily design'd;  
 Where human efforts with the hand of taste,  
 Have classic marble beautifully grac'd;  
 Where all of life, unless the breathing heart,  
 Appears existing from the sculptor's art;  
 Here tow'ring castles tastefully ascend,  
 In polish'd orders while their beauties blend;  
 In all that's fanciful, sublime and grand,  
 That Greek or Roman artists could command;  
 Then let the bigot scoff, the slave revile;  
 The ancient splendour of our saintly Isle;  
 Their vain, their spurious charges we despise,  
 While your proud towers o'er their basis rise;  
 And in majestic dignity proclaim,  
 Our early days, were days of fav'rite fame.  
 Produce the Bards that round your mossy spires,  
 To heav'nly notes attan'd their country's lyres:—



Produce the Heroes you have bravely taught,  
 In foreign fields to fight when freedom fought;  
 For nature's charter in that gen'ral cause,  
 Where God and Man had sanction'd social laws:—  
 Produce the Saints that in your spacious aisles,  
 Forsook the world and all its busy wiles,  
 To pass their days in charity and faith,  
 Aspire to Heav'n, and pray for all beneath:—  
 Produce these sacred names, and then proclaim,  
 Our ancient days, were days of favour'd fame:—  
 When music, virtue, chivalry and art,  
 Bespoke refinement in the Irish heart.  
 Altho' in equal pride and pomp you stand,  
 Adare, peculiar notice must command:  
 Where two great temples with devoted care,  
 From your great ruins spring, employ'd for pray'r,  
 And souls of different faith in hope repair,  
 To breathe their thoughts in holiness and love,  
 And meet a lasting recompense above.



## THE ENTREATY.

*To JUSTIN M'CARTY, Esq. Carrignavar, County Cork.*

The BARD who experienc'd your bounty before,  
Lays hold on that claim, to address you once more;  
To paint in his Couplets without fuss or fustain,  
Those peerless prime virtues, that centre in JUSTIN;  
Such virtues benignant as shine in each feature,  
And "*hold up the mirror exactly to Nature.*"  
Again, my poor Pegasus, stiffly refuses,  
To trot,—or to amble henceforth for the MUSES;  
Confest as an object of Fortune's mis-carving,  
Fam'd CARRIGNAVAR has long kept her from starving;  
Yes, JUSTIN I say! to the MUSE is a friend,  
Her plaint will accept, and his favors extend:  
And should he recover that much-harrass'd Mare,  
I'd write in content, and I'd laugh away care;  
And crown that dear Name which the world must revere,  
With blessings eternal—and happiness here.



# THE VISIT.

## THE VISIT.

*Lines on CORCOMROE ABBEY, County Clare.*

Its ruins are splendid, majestic and grand;

In the richness of art, and refinement of taste;

'Till Nature's last effort she bids them to stand;

Tho' its grandeur is mould'ring and beauty defac'd.

The moss-knitted Ivy has shaded its walls;

It never will darken the glow of the mind;

That now with a grateful reflection recalls,

By whom was its structure and graces design'd.

Should these who would slander our green-clothed Isle,

And name us Barbarians, but pause on the spot;

They would own the designers of such a grand pile,

Of Heroes and Sages should ne'er be forgot.



They'd trace ev'ry scene that can please or delight,

While the eye is amus'd with the grandeur they form ;

That differ in beauty—but finely unites,

Like the folds of the flow'et abus'd by the storm.

Remembrance that tunes with the deeds of the old,

Rekurs to the days of thy greatness and pride ;

Defended by Chieftains as virtuous as bold ;

Who for liberty liv'd, and for religion died !

And must I pass over the name of the Sage,

Who found in thy precincts an image and shrine,

The Prince of his Country,—the Flow'r of his age,

The Saint and the Patriot—~~CANON~~ O'BRIEN.

---

### ACROSTIC ON \*\*\*\*\*

---

Various are my forms of late,

Airy,—serious,—gay,—sedate,

None from my domain are free,

In ev'ry Man my pow'r you see ;

Thousands in Cork each day are seen,

Yielding me homage as their Queen,

N



*To the Rev. WILLIAM ASHE, Prebendary of Croagh,  
County Limerick.*

---

Hail happy ASHE!—whose cultivated mind,  
In virtue proud, in science unconfin'd!  
Can with inspiring energy explore,  
Each sacred source of deep and ancient lore:  
From thy researches, through the holy page,  
Of truth and life, that lay for many an age  
In error's, ignorance,—we now survey,  
Their treasures cloudless, as the light of day!  
All hidden mysteries are now explor'd,  
And sense, and reason to their thrones restor'd;  
No more opinion with delusive guile,  
Our feelings, thoughts, or wishes shall beguile:  
But ev'ry soul with gratitude shall breathe,  
The holy incense of eternal faith!—  
And learning's triumph from thy living Name,  
An immortality of pride shall claim;  
As distant nations shall with ease explore,  
The charms and energy of Hebrew-lore:  
Yes, till the world receive its latest crash,  
Learning and Religion shall name Thee!—ASHE.



## ON WOMAN.

O WOMAN!—lovely WOMAN!—Nature made you to temper MAN.  
OTWAY.

Ere Eve was made, the Father of mankind,  
Survey'd his Eden with a pensive mind,  
With wand'ring steps the Heav'nly place explor'd,  
And with sad heart his lonely fate deplor'd:  
Tho' all combin'd to entertain the sight,  
And fruits delicious did the taste invite;  
The trees, the flowers, with richest odours grow,  
And all luxuriant Nature could bestow:  
He was alone, which did all bliss destroy,  
Nor could, 'till Woman came, once taste a joy;  
Then rapture fill'd the mind, nought was the same,  
And Eden then a Paradise became.—  
Woman still smooths the anxious brow of care,  
And calms our passions with a pleasing air;  
What's life, without th' enjoyment of the Fair?



## THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

Sixty-six Suns have ta'en their annual round,  
 Since I drew breath on GALVIA'S Shamrock Ground;  
 Since my heart beat; dilated art'ries play'd,  
 And balm nutritious to each part convey'd,  
 'Tis then, Oh! then, alas! I learn'd the Rhyming trade.  
 And much of life thro' varied scenes I know,  
 Some gleam'd with joy,—some shaded deep with woe;  
 Shall I like JOE, rail at ~~my~~ natal hour,  
 Or chant new anthems to Almighty-Pow'r;  
 If Heav'n should be the boon of all my pain,  
 The greatest blessings we by life obtain;  
 But if my Soul should sink to shades below,  
 That's the worst place we possibly can know;  
 This secret is with GOD,—how then can I,  
 Determine which more fit to laugh,—or—cry.  
 May I, a Pilgrim, down life's thorny road,  
 Not once conceive unworthily of GOD;  
 Believe him just:—yet merciful to all,  
 Who hear his voice and listen to his call.



## ELEGY,

*On the death of CHARLES O'CONOR, Esq. of Ballinagar,*

---

*Quis desiderio sit pudor,—tam chari Capitis?*

---

Where fled that Spirit whose historic page,  
 Pour'd on the world its genius and its rays?  
 Where lies that heart beneficent and sage,  
 That saw the rights of mankind and its blaze?

O'CONOR?—sure awaiting Angels stood,  
 To waft thee far where kindred legions view'd,  
 The bright, the great, the sage, the learn'd, the good,  
 By virtue mourn'd—tho' by fell death pursued!

Lost! tho' thou art, each friend of ev'ry Muse,  
 Thy precious thoughts and memory shall tell:  
 No candid breast thy laurels shall refuse,  
 And all thy worth on ev'ry tongue shall dwell.

Around thine head the Muse a wreath entwines,  
 Whilst ev'ry shore resounds her Fav'rite's name,  
 At length her precious charge she now resigns,  
 And gives O'CONOR up to faithful Fame.



## TO LORD BYRON, &amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.

---

(By verax.)

---

BARD! of ungentle wayward mood,  
 'Tis said of thee when in the lap,  
 The Nurse to tempt thee to thy food.  
 Would squeeze a *lemon* in thy pap.

At *vinegar* how danc'd thine eyes!  
 Before thy lips a word could utter:  
 And oft the dame to hush thy cries,  
 Strew *wormwood* on your bread and butter:

*Mustard*, how strong so'er the sort is,  
 Could ne'er draw moisture from thine eye;  
 Not *gall*, nor even *aquafortis*,  
 Could ever set thy face awry!

Thus train'd, a Satirist thy mind,  
 Soon caught the bitter and the sour;  
 And all those various pow'rs combin'd,  
 Produc'd "CHILDE HAROLD" and "THE GIAOUR."



*Another Translation from the Irish Bard CAROLAN.*



With pleasure I sing of the Maid,  
 Who in beauty and wit doth excel;  
 My LETTY the fairest shall lead,  
 And from beauties shall bear off the Belle.

Her neck to the swan I'll compare,  
 Her face to the brightness of day,  
 And is he not blest who shall share,  
 In the beauties her bosom display?

'Tis thus the fair Maid I commend,  
 Whose words are than music more sweet:  
 No bliss can on Woman attend,  
 But with thee! dear LETTIA we meet.

Your beauties should still be my song,  
 But my glass I devote now to thee:  
 May the health that I wish thee be long,  
 And if sick, be it love-sick for me.



## THE PALINODE.

*(Most humbly Dedicated to LADY DONERAILE.)*

How vastly pleasing is my tale,  
I found my watch at Doneraile.  
My Dublin watch, my chain & seal,  
Were all restor'd at Doneraile.  
May fire and brimstone ever fail,  
To hurt or injure Doneraile.  
May neither fiend or foe assail,  
The gen'rous town of Doneraile.  
May light'ning never singe the vale;  
That leads to darling Doneraile.  
May Pompey's fate at old Pharsale,  
Be still revers'd at Doneraile.  
May beef and mutton lamb and veal,  
Plenty create in Doneraile.  
May garlic soup or scurvy cake,  
No palate spoil at Doneraile.  
May neither frog or creeping snail,  
Subtract the crops of Doneraile.  
May Heav'n each chosen bliss entail,  
On honest, friendly Doneraile.  
May Sol or Luna never fail,  
To shine and blaze at Doneraile.  
May ev'ry soft ambrosial gate,  
Waft ev'ry bliss to Doneraile.  
May ev'ry cuckoo, thrush & quail,  
A consort form at Doneraile.  
May ev'ry Post, Gazette and Mail,  
Glad tidings bring to Doneraile.  
May no harsh thunder ring a peal,  
To incommode sweet Doneraile.  
May profit high, and speedy sale,  
Enlarge the trade of Doneraile.  
May fame resound a pleasing tale,  
Of ev'ry joy at Doneraile.  
May Egypt's plagues for ever fail,  
To hurt or injure Doneraile.  
May frost or snow, or sleet or hail,  
No mischief do at Doneraile.  
May Oscar with his fiery flail,  
Thrash all the foes of Doneraile.

May all from Belfast to Kinsale,  
Be half so good as Doneraile.  
May choicest flour and Oaten meal,  
Be still to spare at Doneraile.  
May want or woe no joy entail,  
That's always known at Doneraile.  
No coffin that grim death may nail,  
Can wrap a rogue at Doneraile.  
There are no thieves to rob or steal,  
Within two leagues of Doneraile.  
Sure all the sons of Grania weal,  
May well be proud of Doneraile.  
May no dire monster shark or whale,  
Annoy or torture Doneraile.  
May no disaster e'er assail,  
The bliss or peace of Doneraile.  
May ev'ry Transport wont to sail,  
Encrease the wealth of Doneraile.  
May ev'ry churn and milking pail,  
O'erflow with cream at Doneraile.  
May cold or hunger ne'er congeal,  
The precious blood of Doneraile.  
May ev'ry hour new joys reveal,  
To crown the bliss of Doneraile.  
May ev'ry sweet that can regale,  
New odours waft to Doneraile.  
May no corroding ill prevail,  
To damp the joys of Doneraile.  
May ev'ry wish and pray'r avail,  
To crown the peace of Doneraile.  
May th' Inquisition ne'er impale,  
Or hurt a limb of Doneraile.  
May Sodom's curses ne'er prevail,  
To sink or curse Doneraile.  
May Charon's Boat for ever fail,  
Without a man from Doneraile.  
May gallows, gibbet, stocks & gail,  
Appear a wreck at Doneraile.  
And may its Lady never fail,  
To find new joys at Doneraile.



## SUBSCRIBER'S NAMES.

- A**  
 Aldborough, Rt. Hon. Lord  
 Ashe, Rev. Wm. Prebendary of  
 Croagh,  
 Ashe, Rev. E. Vicar Kilferyns,  
 Armstrong, Mr. John, Adare.  
 Ash, Norman, esq. Birr.  
 Anglin, J. Esq. Limerick,  
 Apjohn, M. Esq. Palace-Græen,  
 Apjohn, Mr. Thomas, Do.  
 Allman, L. Esq. County Galway,  
 Athy, P. Lynch, esq. Do.  
 Armstrong, Lieutenant Wm.  
 Andrews, James esq.  
 Allen, Henry esq.  
 Ashe, Rev. I. Castlebar,  
 Antisell, Thomas Esq.  
 Armstrong, Edward Esq.
- B**  
 Burke, Sir John Bart. Knight of  
 Glynsk, London,  
 Burke, Sir J. Bart. Marble-hill,  
 Burke, Lady Do.  
 Burke, Mrs. F. Killimer-castle,  
 Burke, Hyacinth Esq. Do  
 Burke, Dominick Esq. Do.  
 Becher, Mrs. W. Ballygiblin,  
 Burke, Joseph Esq. Glynsk,  
 Browne, Miss, Dublin,  
 Browne, Miss M. Do.  
 Browne, A. Esq. Fort-Browne,  
 Burke, Gerald Esq. Cloonagh,  
 Bourke, M. General, K. C. B.
- Bellew, C. D. Esq. Mt.-Bellew,  
 Boyse, John Esq. sen. Limerick,  
 Black, James Esq.  
 Brandon, Mr. Michael  
 Barry, John Esq. Limerick,  
 Black, George Esq. Do.  
 Baker, Robert Esq. Do.  
 Baker, Thomas esq. Do.  
 Baker, Miss Do.  
 Bourke, Joseph Esq. M. D.  
 Bourke, R. S. Esq.  
 Baynham, Mr. Benjamin  
 Bourgh, R. H. esq.  
 Burke, William Esq.  
 Burke, James Esq.  
 Barry William esq.  
 Barry, Rev Thomas B. D.  
 Buckley, Mrs. Milstreet,  
 Blake, M. esq. Frenchgrove,  
 Blake, Walter Esq. Oran,  
 Blake I. Esq. Galway,  
 Bodkin, I. esq.  
 Bodkin, D. G. Esq.  
 Blake, Rev. Francis P. P.  
 Blakeney, J. H. Esq. Abbett,  
 Barrétt, Mrs.  
 Browne, Mrs. J. Dublin,  
 Blake, Maurice Esq.  
 Beytagh, E. J. Esq.  
 Butson, Rev. Archdeacon  
 Browne, M. Esq. Moyn,  
 Barry, Rev. R. D.  
 Blake, P. Esq. Corbally,  
 Barlow, John Esq. Errótt,



Barlow, Mrs. Errott,  
 Byrne, Rev. John  
 Boland, Rev. Mr.  
 Bald, Wm. Esq. Castlebar,  
 Brunskill, J. Esq.  
 Burke, Thomas Esq.  
 Barrett H. J. Esq. M. D.  
 Black, John, Esq. Sligo,  
 Boland, Rev. M.  
 Bartley, Mr. Peter  
 Benton, Rev. John  
 Bingham, Denis Esq. Erris,  
 Bingham, Robert Esq.  
 Barrett, Mr. Richard  
 Blake, E. Esq.  
 Bowen, Christopher Esq.  
 Bricknell, J. J. Esq.  
 Browne, G. Esq.  
 Barrett, William Esq. I. G.  
 Browne, D. Esq. Ashford,  
 Bodkin, Major  
 Brady, Rev. W. P. P. Loughglyn,  
 Browne, M. J. Esq.  
 Bowen, Miss  
 Blake, H. M. Esq.  
 Bridgeman, T. Esq.  
 Butler, Rev. Wm. A. Cottage,  
 Bridgeman, Mrs.  
 Bridgeman, H. Esq.  
 Brew, C. A. Esq.  
 Brew, Rev. Richard Tulla,  
 Brew, William A. Esq.  
 Borough, H. Esq.  
 Barclay, Richard Esq.  
 Borough, Mrs. M.  
 Borough, Richard Esq.  
 Bowers, G. Esq.  
 Banks, P. Esq. M. D. Ennis,  
 Bentley, William Esq.  
 Boyd, P. Esq. Castlebar,  
 Burke, Rev. Mr. Westport,  
 Barry, M. J. Esq. Cork,  
 Black, Miss Eliza Killarney,  
 Begley, Rev. M. V. Pastor,  
 Barry, Rev. J. P. P. Charleville,  
 Basterot, James Esq. Kenmare,  
 Beamish, William Esq. Cork,

Burke, Michael Esq. Cork,

## C

Clanricarde, Rt. Hon. Countess  
 Clancarty, Right Hon. Earl  
 Clanmorris, Right Hon. Lady  
 Clanmorris, Right Hon. Lord  
 Charlemont, Right Hon. Earl  
 Coan, Right Rev. Doctor  
 Cong, Lord Bishop of  
 Carroll, J. F. Esq. M. D. Limk.  
 Crips, Robert William Esq.  
 Cronin, Daniel Esq. Park,  
 Chambers, Rev. G. P. P. Birr,  
 Cronin, Rev. John Aug.  
 Cudmore, Daniel Esq.  
 Carr, Mr. James Limerick,  
 Currie, R. Esq. Do.  
 Caswell, Samuel Esq. Do.  
 Carey, William Esq. Do.  
 Carte, Edward Esq. Do.  
 Carey, J. W. Esq. Edenboro'  
 Cussen, Mr. P. Limerick,  
 Cronin, Rev. D. P. P. P. Well,  
 Cussen, Mr. H. Courtneyarms,  
 Cavanagh, Mr. William  
 Costello, Rev. T. O'Brien  
 Connery, Rev. Edmond P. P.  
 Coote, Chitley, Esq.  
 Collins, Rev. Mort, P. P. Enn,  
 Cantillon, M. Esq.  
 Cane, Captain  
 Clarke, Mr. George  
 Cruice, D. Esq. Ballinlass,  
 Coakley, Rev. Denis P. P.  
 Cronin, Rev. Michael  
 Coleman, Rev. Michael  
 Carroll, Mr. Thomas Cork,  
 Campbell, Peter Esq. Do.  
 Callaghan, G. Esq. Do.  
 Collins, Rev. Dean Do.  
 Crips, Joseph Esq. Miltown,  
 Carroll, John, Esq.  
 Cahill, D. J. Esq.  
 Cox, Joseph Esq. Mt. pleasant,  
 Cox, Anthony Esq. Clarendfield,  
 Clifford Henry Esq.



Cox, Richard Esq.  
 Chambers, Rev. T. P. P.  
 Comyn, Peter Esq.  
 Clarke, A. Esq.  
 Coleman, Rev. John  
 Cuff, James Esq.  
 Clarke, Mr. Hyacinth,  
 Costello, Rev. William P. P.  
 Clarke, Mr. Cornelius  
 Canny, John Esq.  
 Canny, D. Esq.  
 Clarke, Mr. H. sen.  
 Crump, Rev. James  
 Conry, Rev. Thomas  
 Clarke, Denis Esq. Loughrea,  
 Cuffe, Hon. Mrs.  
 Cuffe, Hon. Mr.  
 Cater, John Esq.  
 Carter, Mr. John  
 Conolly, Mr. John  
 Corcoran, H. Esq. Loughrea,  
 Coghlan, James Esq.  
 Cannon, H. Esq. Galway  
 Colclough, Rev. John  
 Crawford, William Esq. Gort.  
 Comins, Pat. Esq. Galway,  
 Corr, Richard Esq.  
 Cunniff, Mr. Michael  
 Colahan, William Esq. M. D.  
 Costello, Mr. Hugh Westport,  
 Cooke, Rev. William  
 Comyn, Nicholas Esq. Dublin,  
 Cruice, P. Esq. Major  
 Connolly, Miss Celia,  
 Cusack, A. Esq. Castlereagh,  
 Carter, B. Esq.  
 Cassidy, Rev. Amb. P. P.  
 Crofton, Sir James  
 Conway, Mr. John  
 Cusack, Pat. Esq.  
 Cusack, Mrs.  
 Conry, Thomas Esq.  
 Crawford, John Esq.  
 Clifford, Henry Esq. Errott,  
 Cromie, Rev. John  
 Crampton, Rev. C.  
 Clune, Rev. C.

Canny, M. Esq.  
 Castle, Andrew Esq. M. D.  
 Clanchy, B. Esq. Limerick,  
 Clanchy, John Esq.  
 Crawford, William Esq. Cork,  
 Coppinger, Mrs. Cove,  
 Croak, Rev. Thomas Do.  
 Collins, T. Esq. L. Union Office,  
 Callinan, Mr. Jeremiah, J.  
 Coppinger, Stephen Esq.  
 Crowley, Rev. James P. P.  
 Coffee, Rev. James P. P.

## D

Dillon, Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount  
 Dunalley, Right Hon. Lord  
 De Burgho, Lady  
 De Burgho, Sir John A.  
 Daly, Mrs. Dunsandle,  
 Daly, James Esq. M. P. Do.  
 Daly, James, Esq. Cork,  
 Drew, Mrs. Dinas, Wales,  
 De Bourgh, Reymond C. Esq.  
 Drought, Captain Limerick,  
 Dillon, G. Esq. Barister at Law,  
 Downes, Rev. A. Clerk, Birr,  
 Dunn, Rev. Thomas, P. P.  
 Devitt, Thomas Esq. Limerick,  
 Daly, Mr. William Racefield Do.  
 D'L'Arcy, Mr. M. H. Master,  
 Dolphin, Henry esq. jun.  
 Duddell, Rev. J. Limerick,  
 Doolan, Thomas Esq.  
 Dawson, Massy Esq. M. P.  
 Devenport, T. E. Esq.  
 Drew, Francis L. Esq.  
 Doran, Gabriel Esq. Blackwater,  
 Daly, Mr. Michael, Kinsale,  
 Downing, Mr. S. Mast. of the C. S.  
 Dwyer, Rev. John P. P.  
 Devenish, G. esq.  
 Duggan, Henry Esq. Do.  
 Donelan, M. Esq. Kinsale,  
 Donelan, John Esq. Do.  
 D'Arcy, John Esq. Ennis,  
 Daxon, Rev. T. W. A. B.  
 Donelan, D. Esq. Wood-quay,



Daly, Domk. esq. Loughrea,  
 Dolan, Rev. Wm. P. P. Strokes.  
 Davoran, Mr. Patrick Ennis,  
 Davoran, James Esq.  
 Daffron, Joseph D. Esq.  
 Digby, Robert Esq.  
 Dillon James Esq. Caher,  
 Dowling, John Esq. Port,  
 Dolphin, Mrs. Oliver  
 Donelan, H. E. Esq.  
 Duffy, Rev. M. P. P. Gort,  
 Dillon, Mrs. Caher,  
 Delancy, Mr. M. Athlone,  
 Dignan, Phillip esq. Enfield,  
 Dignan, Master Phillip, Do.  
 Daly, A. B. Esq. Headford,  
 Dillon, Mr. Robert  
 Duffy, Rev. James P. P.  
 Dillon, J. E. Esq.  
 Donelan, Mrs. Wood-quay,  
 Donelan, D. E. Esq.  
 Digan, M. Esq.  
 Daffy, Mr. Daniel  
 Dowdal, M. Esq. Tyaquin,  
 Davoran, Rev. A.  
 Dunn, S. Esq.  
 Daxon, William Esq.  
 Duggan, Rev. M.  
 Doyle, Richard Esq. Wellfield,  
 Dolphin, A. J. Esq. Loughrea,  
 Dolphin, H. J. Esq. Do.

## E

Eyre, Robert H. Esq. Macroom,  
 Evans, A. Esq. Limerick,  
 Egan, Rev. Stephen A. B.  
 Eccles, Major Ballingarry,  
 Ecclea, D. O'C. Esq.  
 Evans, Master G. T. Ash-hill,  
 Egan, Rev. D. M. P. P.  
 English, Rev. James P. P.  
 England, Mr. E. Cork,  
 Evans, N. G. Esq.  
 Ellis, Henry Esq. M. D.  
 Eyre, Rev. Doctor  
 Everarde, I. Esq. Sligo,  
 Everarde, P. B. Esq.

Elwood, Edward Esq.  
 Elwood, F. esq. Elwood-hall,  
 Elwood, Harloe Esq.  
 Elwood, Rev. James  
 Elwood, Francis esq. Ashford,  
 Eliot, John esq. M. D.  
 Egan, T. A. esq. M. D. Dublin,  
 Egan, John esq. Tuam,

## F

French, Mrs. Moneves,  
 French, Robert esq. Do.  
 French, Mrs. Rahasane,  
 French, R. Joseph esq.  
 Fitz-gerald, M. General,  
 Sir, Austin Bart.  
 French, Hon. Thomas, Galway,  
 French, Hon. Martin, Do.  
 French, Christ. esq. Snipe-hill,  
 Fitz-gerald, Rev. William P. P.  
 Fitz-gerald, Rev. M. P. P.  
 Fahy, Mr. John Loughrea,  
 Flanary, Mr. James Scarriff,  
 Fahy, Mr. Lau. Loughrea,  
 Fahy, Rev. Mordachy P. P.  
 Fitz-patrick, Pat. esq. Athenry,  
 Fagan, Rev. James P. P.  
 Forrester, Robert esq.  
 Frazer, William Daly esq.  
 Foster, William James esq.  
 Fallon, Mr. John  
 Fury, Nicholas esq.  
 Faucett, John esq.  
 French, Rev. John French-park,  
 Flynn, Mr. Patrick Do.  
 Fry, Henry esq. Boyle,  
 Fallon, James esq. Birr,  
 Fferrall, John esq.  
 Foilan, Rev. Michael P. P.  
 Fair, William esq.  
 Foster, Mr. Michael  
 Fitz-gerald, A. esq.  
 Faircloth, Thomas esq.  
 Finucane, M. esq. M. D. Ennis.  
 Foley, Mr. John Kilrush,  
 Fitz-gerald, T. J. esq.  
 Filan, Rev. John P. P.



Fitz-gerald, James esq.  
 Foy, Malachy esq. Srewel,  
 Floyd, Richard esq. Ennis,  
 Fitz-gerald, John I. esq.  
 Fitz-gerald, G. H. esq.  
 Frazer, Wm. S. esq. Limerick,  
 Franklin, R. esq. M. D. Do.  
 Fosbery, George esq.  
 Fitz-gerald, T. B. esq.  
 Fitz-gerald, M. esq.  
 Furnell, Michael esq.  
 Furnell, George esq.  
 Furnell, Mr. B. Limerick,  
 Foley, Rev. T. Pastor, Adair,  
 Fitz-patrick, Rev. P. P. P.  
 Fowler, Miss Cork,  
 Fallon, Rev. Thomas P. P.  
 Fitz-gerald, Mr. John Cork,  
 Falvey, Rev. John Do.  
 Foott, Wade esq. Do.  
 Foley, Daniel esq. Do.  
 Fitz-gerald, Thomas esq. Do.  
 Fitz-gibbon, William esq. Do.  
 Farrell, John Esq. Do.  
 Finucane, William esq. Ennis,  
 Feely, Mr. P. M.  
 Fegan, Denis esq.  
 Fitz-gerald, William esq.

## G

Gregory, Wm. esq. Secretary,  
 Gavin, Rev. John Cork,  
 Gough, Sir Hugh Buttavint,  
 Grogan, Richard esq. M. D.  
 Geary, Mr. Daniel Limerick,  
 Gibbons, Rev. John, Cork,  
 Grace, Rev. Archdeacon W. port,  
 Gunning, James esq. Dublin,  
 Gannon, Thomas esq. T. C. D.  
 Gibbons, Rev. Mr. Westport,  
 Glynn, Mr. Mathew  
 Grady, Rev. Mr. Westport,  
 Golding, Richard esq. Shrewel,  
 Gardiner, Charles esq. Tyrawley,  
 Griffiths, Miss S. Governess,  
 Gardiner, John esq. Tyrawly,  
 Gardiner, J. W. esq. Do.

Gloster, A. esq. Limerick,  
 Gabbett, William Do.  
 Gabbett, Poole esq. Do.  
 Guerin, Mr. James Do.  
 Griott, Mr. James, Cork,  
 Gabbett, John esq. Cork,  
 Grady, Jeremiah esq.  
 Grogan, Rev. John P. P.  
 Green, John esq. Green-mount,  
 Griffin, Wm. esq. M. D. Kenry,  
 Gibbings, B. esq. Gibbingsgrove,  
 Griffin, Rev. Abbay, Killarney,  
 Galway, Mr. Thomas, Cork.

## H

Herbert, Rev. A. Ballinamona,  
 Hartney, Charles esq.  
 Howly, John esq. sen. Limerick,  
 Howly, John esq. jun. Do.  
 Howly, Wm. esq. Do.  
 Hanrahan, Rev. Charles Do.  
 Hogan, John esq. Appo. Do.  
 Hartigan, John esq. Do.  
 Hogan, Rev. P. Do.  
 Hogan James esq. Do.  
 Harvey Joseph esq. Do.  
 Holahan, Captain John  
 Hunt, D. esq. Limerick,  
 Holland, Coun. Shannon-view,  
 Hardy, Mr. H. W. Rathkeal,  
 Halpin, Rev. Patrick P. P.  
 Hogan, Rev. D. P. P. Carlisle,  
 Hogan, Rev. D. V. R. Kildimo,  
 Harnett, Rev. Lan. P. P. Croom,  
 Horgan, Rev. D. P. P. C. magnier,  
 Hamilton, Rev. James Clerk,  
 Hogan, Lt. Cornelius 21 Lt. Drag.  
 Harrison, H. Esq. Castleharrison,  
 Hogan, Rev. Maurice P. P.  
 Hasset, mr. B. Henry-st. Limk.  
 Horgan, Rev. M. P. P. White-c.  
 Healy, Rev. T. P. P. Kerry,  
 Haynes, Mr. S. Cork,  
 Hewson, mr. James Limerick,  
 Hennessy, mr. John Printer, Cork,  
 Hackett, B. J. esq. Do.  
 Hackett, Wm. esq. Do.



Hackett, Mr. D. Cork,  
 Hartigan, Rev. Edward Clerk,  
 Hemsworth, William esq.  
 Henry, J. esq. M. D. Athlone,  
 Hayden, Rev. Christ. A. B.  
 Higgins, L. esq. Castlebar,  
 Holmes, Richard esq. Sligo,  
 Henery, James esq. Do.  
 Holmes, William esq. Do.  
 Howly, E. esq. County Sligo,  
 Houston, A. esq. Erris,  
 Harron, Rev. James P. P.  
 Hutchinson, D. esq. Foxford,  
 Head, M. esq. Derry,  
 Healy, Mr. John New-market,  
 Healy, Mr. Francis Do.  
 Healy, Miss Maria Do.  
 Healy, Rev. T. P. P. Spaw-hall,  
 Hunt, Thomas D. Esq. Kilrush,  
 Hopkins, Philip esq.  
 Hickman, Poole esq.  
 Honan, Rev. William  
 Hay, Captain Milltown,  
 Hennessy, Rev. James P. P.  
 Havery, J. esq. Galway,  
 Hamilton, Mr. ——— Newbliss,  
 Hoban, Mr. Denis Westport,  
 Hogan, Edmond esq.  
 Howley, M. J. esq.  
 Higgins, Daniel esq.  
 Hearne, Thomas D. esq.  
 Henderson, ——— esq. Tuam,  
 Harris, Rev. William Redlake,  
 Heely, Joseph esq.  
 Hynes, Timothy esq. Cork,  
 Hardum, Mr. Thomas Do.  
 Hurly, Rev. T. P. P. Kinsale,  
 Hopps, Mr. James Do.  
 Hannagan, Rev. Michael  
 Hudson, Rev. Edward G.  
 Henriquez, Mr. Edward. Officier.  
 dans le service sous L'Empereur.  
 Bounaparte.

## I

Irwin, Mrs. Dublin,  
 Ivis, Mr. Patrick Askeatin,

Iviss, Miss, Askeatin,  
 Ievers, John esq. Mount-prospect,  
 Ievers, D. W. esq. Do.  
 Ievers, H. J. esq. Do.  
 Ievers, Mrs. Do.  
 Ievers, Richard esq. near Bruff,  
 Ievers, B. I. esq.  
 Irwin, Mr. Henry Teacher, Limk.

## J

Jones, Mrs. Dinas, Wales,  
 Jones, Isaac J. esq. Limerick,  
 Jones, William esq. Do.  
 Joyce, Mr. John Commercial  
 Tavern, Cork,  
 Joyce, Mr. John jun. Do.  
 Joyce, Martin esq. Oxford,  
 Joyce, Mrs. Eliza Do.  
 Joyce, Mr. Patrick Loughrea,  
 James, Joseph esq.  
 Jackson, Miss Tyrawley,  
 Jackson, George esq. Do.  
 Jordan, Mr. John B. lough,  
 Johnson, Andrew esq.  
 Jennings, Thomas esq. Cork,  
 Johnson, P. esq. M. D. Ballina.  
 Jenkins, G. esq. Blarney,

## K

Kelly, Denis esq. Castle-Kelly,  
 Kelly, Malachy esq. Cottage,  
 Kelly, M. esq. Ashbrook,  
 Kirwin, M. esq. Dalgan,  
 Knox, A. esq. Rappa-castle  
 Kelly, William esq. High-park,  
 Keily, Andrew esq. Gort.  
 Keilty, Rev. Bartholomew P. P.  
 Keon, Miles esq.  
 Kenney, J. H. esq. Elphin,  
 Keane, Mrs. Castlebar,  
 Keogh, J. P. esq.  
 Kirwin, Joseph esq. Dublin,  
 Kelly, Very Rev. Dean,  
 Killikenny, John esq.  
 Kelly, Mr. Mathew, Kilrush,  
 Knott, James esq. Sligo,  
 Kelly, Bernard esq. Athlone,



Knox, J. esq. Green-wood-park,  
 Knox, J. F. esq. Thornton,  
 Kilkenny, Mrs.  
 Kilkenny, Bernard esq.  
 Kelly, J. W. esq.  
 Kelly, E. esq. Ballyshannon,  
 Kelly, Walter P. esq.  
 Kelly, John esq. Limerick,  
 Kelly, Thomas esq. Do.  
 Kelly, James esq. Do.  
 Kelly, Mr. James V. Do.  
 Kelly, John esq. Rathkeale,  
 Keane, Robert esq. Ennis,  
 Keane, F. esq. Do.  
 Kelly, Rev. M. P. P. C. town,  
 Kerby, Rev. P. P. P. Kilbenny,  
 Kelly, T. J. esq. Staybank,  
 Kelly, James esq. Do.  
 Kelly, T. B. esq. Cork,  
 Kearney, John esq.  
 Kelly, D. esq. Cork,  
 Kelly, P. esq. Do.  
 Kelly, Rev. J. P. P.  
 Kirwin, John esq. Galway,  
 Kirwin, Francis esq. Glan,  
 Kelly, Mrs. A. near Doneraile,  
 Kerby, Rev. John P. P.  
 Kennedy, Mr. John Cork,  
 Kelly, Pat. esq. near Dundaulke,  
 Kelly, Pat. esq. Gallen,  
 Kelly, Mr. Mathew Limerick,  
 Kelly, William esq.  
 Kelly, Mr. Thady New-market,  
 Kenny, Rev. J. P. P. Tulla,  
 Kenely, Rev. James P. P.  
 Kenny, M. esq. County Clare,  
 Kenny, Mrs. Mathew Do.  
 Kenny, Michael esq. Do.  
 Knox, John B. esq.  
 Kerin, Andrew esq.  
 Keane, Mr. Peter  
 Kenny, Rev. David P. P.  
 Kenny, Rev. Archdeacon  
 Kelly, A. esq. Silgo,  
 Keogh, Thomas esq. Gort.  
 Kelly, D. G. esq. Donore;  
 Killikelly, D. esq.

Kelly, Mr. Owen Dublin,  
 Kelly, Hugh. esq. Crigane,  
 Kelly, J. esq. Tyrawly,

## L

Leinster, His Grace the Duke of  
 Lorton, Right Hon. Lord  
 Lees, Sir E. S. Post Office, Dublin,  
 Lambert, W. esq. Lambert-lodge,  
 Lambert, Henry esq. Aggart,  
 Lambert, W. esq. Cregclare,  
 Lambert, Thomas esq.  
 Lynch, H. E. esq. Clogher,  
 Lynch, James esq. Tully,  
 Lynch, Mrs. Cartron,  
 Lynch, Mrs. Clough,  
 Lopdell, John esq. Gort.  
 Longworth, George esq.  
 Longworth, William esq.  
 Langston, Richard esq.  
 Larkin, Denis esq. Loughrea,  
 Lyons, M. J. esq.  
 Little, Rev. James Tyrawly,  
 Lewin, Mrs. Cloghara,  
 Lynch, Dominick esq.  
 Lynch, Neptune esq.  
 Lillie, Mrs. near Boyle,  
 Lysaght, James esq.  
 Lucas, John esq.  
 Lillis, Mr. John  
 Lillis, Mr. James  
 Lynch, F. esq. Lowberry,  
 Lynch, James esq. Do.  
 Lysaght, James esq. Limerick,  
 Lysaght, Mrs. Letitia Do.  
 Lahiff, Thomas esq. Gort.  
 Locke, Peter esq.  
 Locke, Rev. Thomas  
 Lally, Mr. P. Loughrea,  
 Lumon, Bernard esq.  
 Levingston, John esq.  
 Lynch, Arthur N. esq.  
 Lynch, H. E. esq.  
 Lynch, A. C. esq.  
 Lee, Mrs. J. Book-binder, Gort,  
 Lee, Mr. James Adare,  
 Longworth, Henry esq. Link.



Lovett, Philips C. esq. Limk.  
 Lyons, Henry esq. Croom,  
 Leake, S. esq. Rathkeale,  
 Lawless, John esq. Belfast,  
 Lynch, Mr. E. Limerick,  
 Langford, John esq. M. D.  
 Loughlin, Rev. M. Cork,  
 Lonergan, Rev. M. Do.  
 Lyons, Rev. Denis Do.  
 Lyons, Thomas esq.  
 Leahy, Daniel esq. Cork.

## M

Murphy, Rt. Rev. Doctor  
 M'Mahon Right Rev. Doctor  
 M'Namara, the Very Rev. Dean  
 Mahon, Sir Ross Bart.  
 Mahon, the Very Rev. Dean Do.  
 M'Carty, J. esq. Carrignavar,  
 M'Carty, Mrs. Do.  
 M'Carty, master R. Do.  
 M'Carty, master Justin Do.  
 M'Carty, master Joseph Do.  
 M'Carty, master Fred. Do.  
 M'Namara, William N. esq.  
 M'Namara, F. esq. Arronview,  
 M'Namara, Mrs. Frances Do.  
 Macnemara, T. esq. Miltown,  
 Macnemara, Mrs. Mary Do.  
 Murphy, Pat. esq. Limerick,  
 Moriarty, Sir Thomas M. D.  
 Marrett, Sir Christopher Knt.  
 M'Donnell, C. esq. New-hall,  
 Meagher, H. esq. Waterford,  
 Macale, Richard esq.  
 Macale, Mrs. Limerick,  
 M'Neven, Daniel esq. Loughrea,  
 Magan, Francis esq.  
 Madden, Joseph esq.  
 Madden, Laurence esq.  
 Madden, Amb. esq.  
 Madden, D. esq.  
 Mahon, Bernard esq.  
 M'Donogh, A. esq.  
 Mulkern, Thomas esq. Loughrea,  
 Mulkern, William esq. Do.  
 Mulkern, Edward esq. Do.  
 Mahon, James esq.  
 M'Donogh, Mathew esq.  
 Maher, John esq.  
 Mahon, John esq.  
 Macguire, J. esq. Loughglin,  
 M'Dermott, J. esq.  
 Murray, Lieutenant Col. O. B.  
 M'Mahon, Rev. Mr.  
 Malley, John E. esq.  
 Martyn, G. esq. Fountain,  
 Martyn, Mrs. Do.  
 Macklin, Mr. William  
 M'Dermott, Rev. B. J.  
 M'Dermott, Rev. P. P. P. Killibane,  
 Macdonough, Miss K. Sligo,  
 M'Dermott, Rev. M. Do.  
 Macdonough, Morgan esq. Do.  
 Macdonough, M. esq. Ballina,  
 M'Donogh, James esq.  
 M'Loughlin, J. esq. Newport,  
 M'Laughlin, P. esq.  
 M'Manus, Bernard esq.  
 Mons, Robert esq. Cork,  
 Morton, Mrs. Castlenode,  
 Mahon, Rev. E. Strokes-town,  
 M'Mahon, Bryan esq.  
 M'Donnell, William esq.  
 Mulanny, Mr. Owen, Eyrecourt,  
 M'Nicholas, Rev. James,  
 M'Dermott P. esq. M. D.  
 M'Loughlin, H. esq.  
 Malley, Mr. Edward jun.  
 M'Mahon, Thomas esq. Stone-h.  
 M'Namara, James esq.  
 Macgrath, R. esq. M. D.  
 M'Grath, E. esq.  
 M'Cormick, Rev. Michael  
 Molony, James esq.  
 M'Donogh, W. A. esq. M. D.  
 M'Mahon, Mort. esq.  
 M'Guane, Rev. P.  
 Moroney, Ralph esq.  
 Morris, — esq. Six-m.-bridge,  
 Moran, Mr. Augustine  
 Moran, Mrs. Isabella  
 Moran, Mr. John S.  
 Murray, P. esq. M. D.



- Miller, A. esq. Kilrush,  
 M'Guane, Rev. A. P. P.  
 Moor, Robert esq.  
 M'Hugh, Rev James Galien,  
 M'Mahon, John esq.  
 Mulvihill, Daniel esq.  
 Mulvihill, Charles esq.  
 M'Inerny, Rev. James  
 M'Inerny, Rev. Patrick  
 M'Gan, mr Bryan, Burren,  
 Mulloy, William esq.  
 Meridith, Thomas esq.  
 Martin, P. esq. Eyrecourt,  
 Monsell, Thomas esq. Barrister,  
 Monahan, M. esq. Portumna,  
 Monahan, John esq. Do.  
 Mitchell, mr. David, Galway,  
 Moore, Edmund esq. Annabeg,  
 Mitchell, Thomas esq. Sligo,  
 M'Loughlin, H. esq. Do.  
 Meagher, Rev. Paillip P. P. Birr,  
 Mahinson, Robert esq. Do.  
 Mahony, D. F. esq. Limerick,  
 Maunsell, Rev. Archdeacon, Do.  
 M'Mahon, mr. P. Do.  
 M'Mahon, mr. Robert, Do.  
 M'Mahon, Coppinger, esq. Cork,  
 M'Namara, Anthony esq.  
 M'Namara, J. esq. Limerick,  
 M'Namara, mr. James Do.  
 Maunsell, mr. Richard, Do.  
 M'Donnell, mr. A. Do.  
 Mulcahy, mr. W. Rathkeale,  
 Makenzie, mr. John, Do.  
 M'Carthy, Rev. Charles James  
 Marnane, Rev. M. Kilmallock,  
 Massy, John Bolton esq.  
 M'Namara, Rev. James  
 M'Carthy, Rev. Timothy  
 Malony, Rev. M. Newtown,  
 Madden, John esq. Castle-reeves,  
 Mahony, Rev. T. P.P. Pallis-gn.  
 Massy, George esq. Glen-william.  
 Murphy, Peter esq. Newry,  
 Mahony, Richard esq. Kenmare,  
 Mason, miss M. A. Watercourse,  
 Morris, Jonas esq. Limerick  
 Morgan, James esq. Limerick,  
 M'Carthy, mrs. Kerry,  
 Mathews, Rev. Theobald, Cork,  
 Murphy, Jeremiah S. esq. Do.  
 Murphy, Jeremiah esq. Do.  
 Murphy, mr. James Do.  
 Murphy, Daniel esq. Do.  
 Murphy, Nicholas esq. Do.  
 Murphy, John esq. Do.  
 M'Namara, Rev. Justin Do.  
 M'Carthy, J. esq. Grand-parade,  
 M'Carthy, mr. Michael Do.  
 M'Carthy, mr. R. Do.  
 Moylan, D. N. esq. Do.  
 Mahony, Martin esq. Do.  
 Martin, C. B. esq. Eyrecourt,  
 Martyn, F. esq. Fountain,  
 Minton, Lt. Thomas, Kinsale,  
 Mangan, Rev, P. Do.  
 Marnane, the very Rev. Doctor.  
 Montgomery, Major Knight &c.  
 Moran, mr. David  
 Myles, mr. Thomas, Limerick,  
 Myles, mr. James Do.  
 M'Carthy, Jeremiah F. esq.  
 M'Auliff, mr. John, Cork,  
 M'Swiney, Rev. D. P.P. Bandon,  
 M'Swiney, Rev. P.  
 M'Mahon, Colonel &c. &c. &c.
- N
- Nugent, Arthur esq.  
 Nowlan, mrs. Gort.  
 Nolan, Kelly esq.  
 Nolan, Thomas esq.  
 Naghten, T. M. esq. Thos. town, &c.  
 Naghten, F. M. esq. Do.  
 Naghten, Edward esq.  
 Nash, Wm. esq. Erris,  
 Nolan, mrs. Ballinderry,  
 Nolan, Andrew esq.  
 Nolan, Cap. R. Royal York Ches.  
 Newenham, William Henry W. esq.  
 Nugent, Thomas esq. Nenagh,  
 Nash, mr. Wm. H. Limerick,  
 Noonan, Rev. John P.P.  
 Norcott, H. esq. Doneraile,  
 P



Nangle, Captain  
Newman, Mrs. H. Bandon;

## O

O'Brien, Sir Edward Bart.  
O'Donel, Sir Neil Bart.  
O'Kelly, most Rev. Dr. Tuam,  
O'Shaughnessy, Rt. Rev. Dr.  
O'Shaughnessy, the very Rev. Du:  
O'Meara, the very Rev. Wm. A.  
O'Realy, Rev. Daniel, Cork,  
O'Connor, Owen esq. Ballinagar;  
O'Connell, Daniel esq. Dublin,  
O'Kelly, Mrs. Festus, Tycooly,  
O'Hara, Chas. esq. Nymph'sfield,  
O'Hara, Chas. esq. Limerick,  
O'Kelly, M. esq. Creron, Co. Gal.  
O'Kelly, M. esq. Cork, .  
O'Hara, Mr. Wm. Do.  
O'Connell, James esq. Kerry,  
O'Sullivan, Mr. Henry, Limerick,  
O'Brien, P. esq. Bank-place, Do.  
O'Brien, Donat esq.  
O'Connor, Peter esq. Tomona,  
O'Gorman, N. P. esq. Barrister,  
Owen, R. esq. Lanark, Scotland,  
O'Callaghan, J. esq. Cork,  
O'Callaghan, Mr. John Do.  
O'Callahan, Mr. H. & M. Limk.  
O'Malley, Lady J. Castlebar,  
O'Malley, Mrs. Charles Do.  
O'Farrell, W. T. esq. Loughrea,  
O'Rorke, Rev. John, Moylough,  
Ormsby, Mrs. E. Tytawley,  
Ormsby, Thomas esq. Limerick,  
O'Flanagan, James esq. Gort.  
O'Donovan, Timothy, F. esq.  
O'Callaghan, G. & C. esqs. M.-fort,  
O'Brien, Terence, esq.  
O'Kelly, T. esq. Wm.-st. Limk.  
O'Connell, G. I. esq. Do.  
O'Connor, James esq.  
O'Brien, Mr. James Limerick,  
O'Connell, Mr. Thos. Rathkeale,  
O'Moore, Rev. James Joseph  
O'Sullivan, Rev. D. P.P. Glin,  
O'Leary, Rev. D. P.P.

O'Kelly, Mr. David Charleville,  
O'Mahony, John esq.  
O'Reagan, P. esq.  
O'Neill, Rev. John P.P.  
O'Brien, Rev. J. P.P. Grenagh;  
O'Donnell, R. esq. Millstreet,  
O'Riordan, Rev. N. P.P. Ovens,  
O'Connor, Rev. Daniel, Cork,  
O'Donnell, Rev. William, Do.  
O'Grady, Mr. Jeremiah, Do.  
O'Keeffe, Rev. Thomas, Do.  
O'Connor, Rev. William, Do.  
O'Connell, Mr. John, Do.  
O'Kelly, D. esq. Surgeon, Kinsale;  
O'Connell, Geoffry, esq. Cork,  
O'Connor, Mr. M. N. Limerick,  
O'Kelly, Mr. John N. Bruff,  
O'Neill, Rev. Bernard Cork,  
O'Brien, Mr. P. Do.  
O'Connell, Mr. William  
O'Crowly, Rev. J. P. P.P.  
O'Sullivan, M. esq. Barehaven,  
O'Flynn, Mr. Denis, Galway,  
O'Dea, Thomas esq.  
O'Donohue, P. esq. Gort.  
O'Connor, M. esq. Mount-druid,  
O'Keeffe, Mr. R. Athlone School,  
O'Donohoo, James esq.  
O'Connell, Rev. Mr. Mayo,  
O'Flaherty, A. esq. Knockbane;  
O'Flaherty, Mrs. Do.  
O'Haly, Rev. John Chap. Do.  
Orme, William esq.  
Orme, Robert esq. Tyrawly,  
Orme, William esq. Do.  
Orme, T. esq. Do.  
Ormsby, T. esq. Ballinamore,  
Ormsby, Adam esq. Do.  
Ormsby, John esq. Do.  
O'Connor, James esq.  
O'Fallon, Bernard esq.  
O'Meara, Richard esq. Shallee,  
Owens, Rev. N. Donegal,  
O'Donel, C. esq. Larkfield,  
O'Brien, M. esq. M. D. Ennis,  
O'Callaghan, Edward esq.  
O'Brien, H. esq. Ennistimon,



O'Loughlin, Peter esq.  
 O'Loughlin, Hugh esq. Port,  
 O'Loughlin, Terence esq.  
 O'Loughlin, Coleman esq.  
 O'Loughlin, M. esq. Barrister,  
 O'Loughlin, Bryan esq.  
 O'Bryen, James P. esq.  
 O'Loughlin, Rev. M. jun.  
 O'Brien, Michael esq.  
 O'Kelly, Rev. Patrick P.P.  
 O'Flaherty, P. esq. Arron,  
 O'Brien, James esq.  
 O'Shaughnessy, Thos. F. esq.  
 O'Dwyer, Mr. John, Kilrush,  
 O'Connor, Mr. Bryan, Do.  
 O'Donnell, Richard esq.  
 O'Keeffe, Mr. Hugh Kilrush,  
 O'Connor, Mr. Wm. Dublin,  
 O'Connor, Rev. J. P.P. Aghrim,  
 Ormsby, George esq. Ball,  
 O'Donel, Anthony esq. Mass-hill,  
 O'Kelly, Rev. M. P.P.  
 O'Loughlin, Henry esq. Dunmore,  
 O'Sullivan, J. esq. Barrister,  
 O'Kelly, Mrs. Alicia, Limerick,  
 O'Kelly, Miss Alicia, Do.  
 O'Kelly, Mr. Elwood,  
 O'Kelly, Mr. N. Limerick,  
 O'Kelly, Mr. Pat. Do.  
 O'Sullivan, Rev. Florence,  
 O'Connell, Mr. William  
 O'Meara, T. esq. 39th Regt.  
 O'Kelly, Mr. Mathew, Cork,  
 O'Hanlan, Rev. Thomas P.P.

## P

Peel, R. esq. M. P. Secretary,  
 Pallsier, Richard esq.  
 Patterson, James esq. Kilrush,  
 Patrickson, Colonel 43d Regt.  
 Plunkett, M. R. esq. C. C. P.  
 Parker, Miss Diana, Erris,  
 Preston, Rev. Dean, Limerick,  
 Perse, P. esq. Spring-garden,  
 Pattin, R. esq. Westport,  
 Palmer, T. esq. Summer-hill,  
 Pugh, Arthur esq. Tyrawley,

Paget, Robert esq. Tyrawly,  
 Paget, Thomas esq. Do.  
 Phibbs, Harloe esq. Sligo,  
 Phibbs, Anthony, esq. Do.  
 Patterson, Captain, Marcus,  
 Patterson, Lieut. W. F. Clare,  
 Pilkington, Thomas esq.  
 Powell, Mr. Daniel  
 Powell, Mr. Andrew  
 Prendergast, J. esq. M. D.  
 Prendergast, J. esq. Killimer,  
 Phibbs, Richard esq.  
 Plunkett, George esq.  
 Plunkett, M. esq.  
 Plunkett, R. esq.  
 Poe, John esq. Nenagh,  
 Pain, James esq. Limerick,  
 Pinkerton, Rev. John Do.  
 Percy, Captain J. A. T. Do.  
 Penefather, E. esq. Barrister,  
 Parkinson, Mr. William, Cork,  
 Piercy, Captain Francis  
 Power, John H. esq. Limerick,  
 Power, Rev. John P.P.  
 Porter, Mr. William, Cork,  
 Pollen, Wilson esq. Naas,  
 Pollen, Wm. T. esq. Dublin,  
 Pollen, Captain John, Do.  
 Pollen, Mr. William, Do.  
 Pollen, Miss Thomasina, Do.  
 Pollen, Miss Anne, Do.

## Q

Quin, Peter esq. Galway,  
 Quin, Michael esq. Limerick,  
 Quinlan, Mr. James Do.  
 Quin, James esq. Burren,  
 Quirk, Mr. William Cork,

## R

Riverston, Rt. Hon. Lord  
 Rice, T. Spring esq. M. P.  
 Reddington, Thomas esq.  
 Reddington, Christopher esq.  
 Reddington, Thos. esq. jun.  
 Rush, Rev. Peter P.P.  
 Roseingrave, J. esq. Gort,



Reily, mr. T. Hollymount;  
 Rigney, Wm. esq.  
 Raeny, Rev. P. near Creggs,  
 Rutledge, Rev. Francis  
 Rutledge, David esq.  
 Rutledge, mrs.  
 Regan, Rev. Charles P.P.  
 Rute, William esq.  
 Reily, mr. E. Cloggen,  
 Roche, David esq. Caharas,  
 Roche, Wm. esq. Banker, Limk.  
 Roche, Stephen esq. Do. Do.  
 Richardson, mr. William  
 Russell, F. P. esq. Limerick,  
 Russell, G. N. esq. Do.  
 Russell, H. I. esq. Do.  
 Rochford, John esq. Do.  
 Rochford, Rev. James P.P.  
 Ryan, Rev. A. V.G. Bruff,  
 Ryan, Rev. Timothy Vice-pastor,  
 Ryan, Thad. esq.  
 Ryan, Rev. James  
 Ryan, mr. Martin, Friendship-h.  
 Ryan, Rev. John, Vice-pastor,  
 Ryan, mr. Thomas Limerick,  
 Ryan, M. esq. Do.  
 Russell, Patrick esq.  
 Roche, E. esq. County Cork,  
 Reeves, mr. Peter Cork,

## S

Sligo, the most Noble Marquis of  
 Sligo, the most noble Marchioness of  
 Stamer, mrs. M. J. Carnelly,  
 Smith, miss M. M. Water-course,  
 Stackpoole, Andrew esq. Lehinch,  
 Stackpoole, Captain R. N.  
 Shannon, P. esq. Limerick,  
 Sharkey, P. esq. M. D. Cork  
 Sharkey, master E. Dublin,  
 St. George, Arthur esq. Tyrone,  
 St. George, — esq. Mirehill,  
 Shadwell, T. esq. M.D. Loughrea,  
 Stafford, mrs. Elphin,  
 Skerritt, B. esq.  
 Smith, mr. J. mt. Castlebar,  
 Sheridan, Martin esq. Do.

Shuttleworth, Captain Peter  
 Simpson, C. esq. M. D.  
 Sheil L. esq. Ballyshannon,  
 Studdert, Thomas esq.  
 Sheehan, mr. Anthony,  
 Stenson, Rev. Francis  
 Sergeant, mrs. Mahey  
 Stephens, mrs. Samuel, Oran,  
 Stevelly, B. J. esq. Glanduff,  
 Stretch, mr. M.  
 Spraight, Thomas esq.  
 Studdert, George esq.  
 Scott, James esq. Scotland,  
 Spencer, Captain John  
 Studdert, James esq. jun.  
 Sierrin, Eugene esq. Barrister,  
 Scott, Bendon esq.  
 Scott, William esq.  
 Shaughnessy, mr. Edward  
 Smith, James esq.  
 Sullivan, mr. William Dublin,  
 Shouldham, W. S. esq. London,  
 Spring, mr. James Limerick,  
 Sarsfield, mr. Silvester, Do.  
 Sheahan, Rev. Patrick P.P.  
 Sheehy, Rev. John P.P. Kilfinan,  
 Scanlan, Rev. William P.P.  
 Smyth, William esq.  
 Smith, mr. D. Castle-town-roche,  
 Scott, Richard esq. Kilkenny,  
 Seward, Charles esq. Cork,

## T

Torrens, Rt. Hon. Robert  
 Thornton, Colonel  
 Thompson, Rev. Archdeacon  
 Tierney, Pay-master, 43d Regt.  
 Taylor, Richard esq. Hollypark,  
 Talbot, W. esq. M. P. Co. Dub.  
 Tuthell, George esq. Faha,  
 Tangney, mr. Thomas Cork,



Thwaites, J. A. esq. Surgeon,  
Therry, Rev. T. R. C. C.  
Touhy, Mr. Patrick Limerick,  
Tighe, John esq.  
Tighe, Mrs. Dublin,  
Tracy, Mr. F. A. B. Athlone,  
Tucker, John M. esq.  
Taffe, Francis esq. Galen,  
Taffe, Luke esq. Strokes-town,  
Trowsdel, H. esq. Kilrush,

## V.

Vandeleur, Rt. Hon J. O.  
Vandeleur, Boyle esq.  
Vandeleur, John esq.  
Vanderkiste, T. W. Cork, esq.  
Villers, Edward esq. Kilpeacon,  
Veitch, J. esq. M. D. Galway,

## W.

Waller, John esq. Castle-town,  
Waller, John Thomas esq. Do.  
Warberton, Mrs. A. Ballinasloe,  
Westropp, Ralph esq. Limerick,  
Westropp, Ralph esq. jun.  
Wilson, David J. esq.  
Westrop, John esq. Attyflyn,  
Westropp, Thomas esq.  
Westropp, John Thomas esq.  
Wrixon, W. esq. Ballygiblin,  
Wrixon, Rev. N. Do.  
Whitley, George esq. Birr,

Watson, Alderman, Limerick,  
Watson, H. esq. Mayor, Do.  
Watson, A. J. esq. Sheriff, Do.  
Walsh, Rev. R. P. P. Thomond,  
Worrall, W. esq. Limerick,  
Walnut, Thomas esq. Do.  
Walsh, Mr. Michael, Do.  
Wilson, Mr. William, Do.  
Walsh, Rev. J. P. P. Ballinavana,  
Walsh, Rev. Hatton, Cork,  
Walsh, Mr. John, Do.  
Ware, N. Webb, esq. Do.  
Ware, George esq.  
Waters, T. esq. Surgeon Birr,  
Wilkinson, J. esq. Surgeon,  
Waldron, Rt. Rev. Doctor  
Ward, Patrick esq.  
Wade, Thomas esq. Fairfield,  
Walsh, Mr. Daniel  
Walsh, John esq.  
Whyte, John esq.  
Whyte, Patrick esq.  
Walsh, Mathew esq.  
West, Rev. Mr. Sligo,  
Westropp, Rev. John Clerk,  
Wilton, Kelly, Wm. esq.  
Walker, Mr. James F. Dublin,  
Whittaker, Mr. G. Sligo,

## Y.

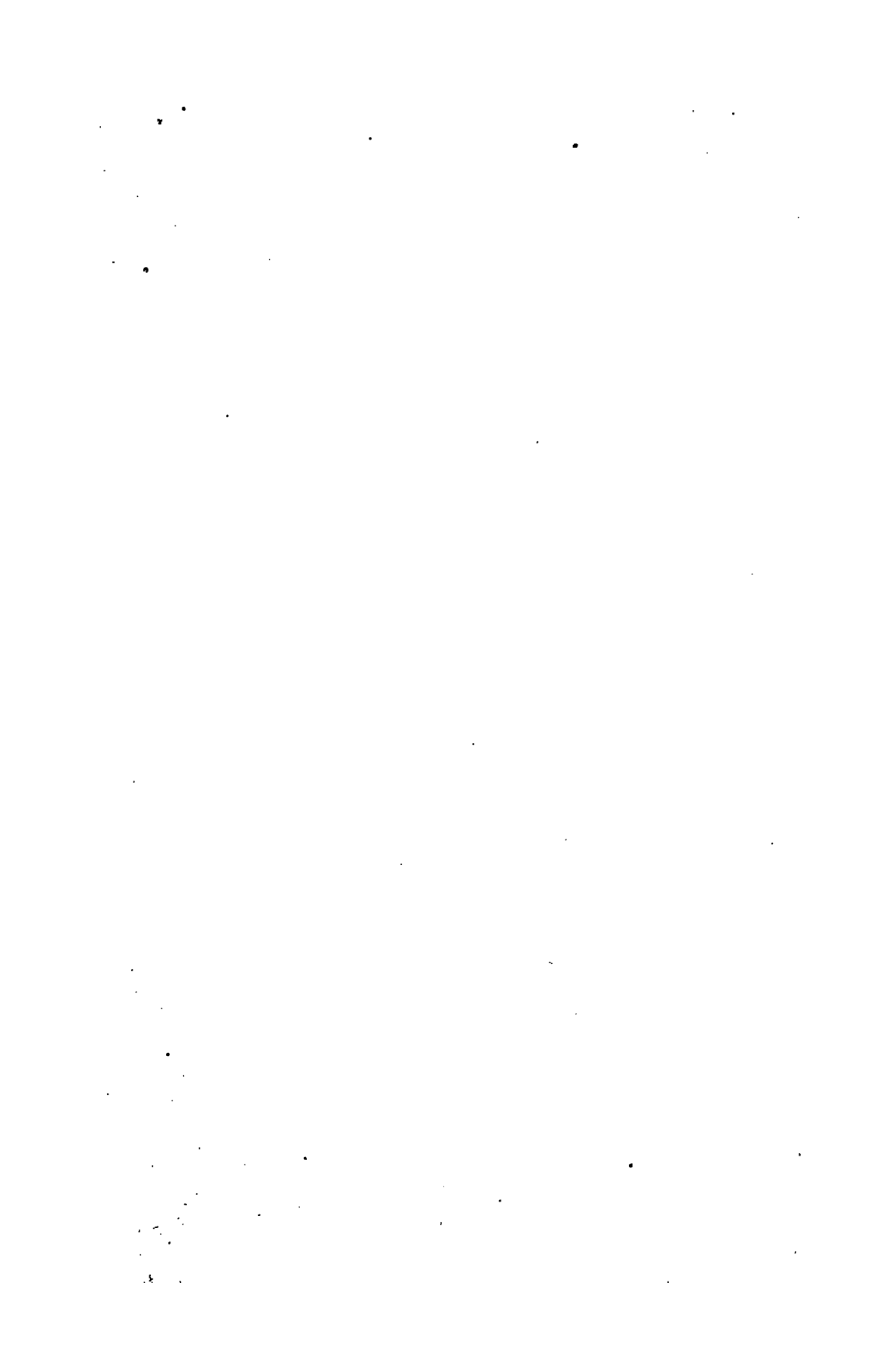
Young, Percy, esq. Limerick  
Young, Mr. William Castlebar,

## ADDENDA,

*Inadvertently omitted in the Alphabetical List, from the hurry,  
inevitably attendant on a prompt publication of the work.*

General Sir J. Lambert, K. C. B.  
Mr. Edwards, Lehigh,  
Mr. T. Cullinan, Clare-Galway,  
Mrs. Kelly, Cottage, Co. Gal.  
Thomas Tighe, Esq.  
Richard Galbraith,  
Lewis Ward, Esq.  
Rev. E. Lee, V. P. Rathkeale,  
Rev. T. Hogan, V. G. & P. P. Do.,  
Christ. Usher, Esq. Eastwell,  
Richard Ronayne, Esq. Cork,  
Mr. M. O'Donovan,  
Robert Kearney, Esq.  
James Kearney, Esq.

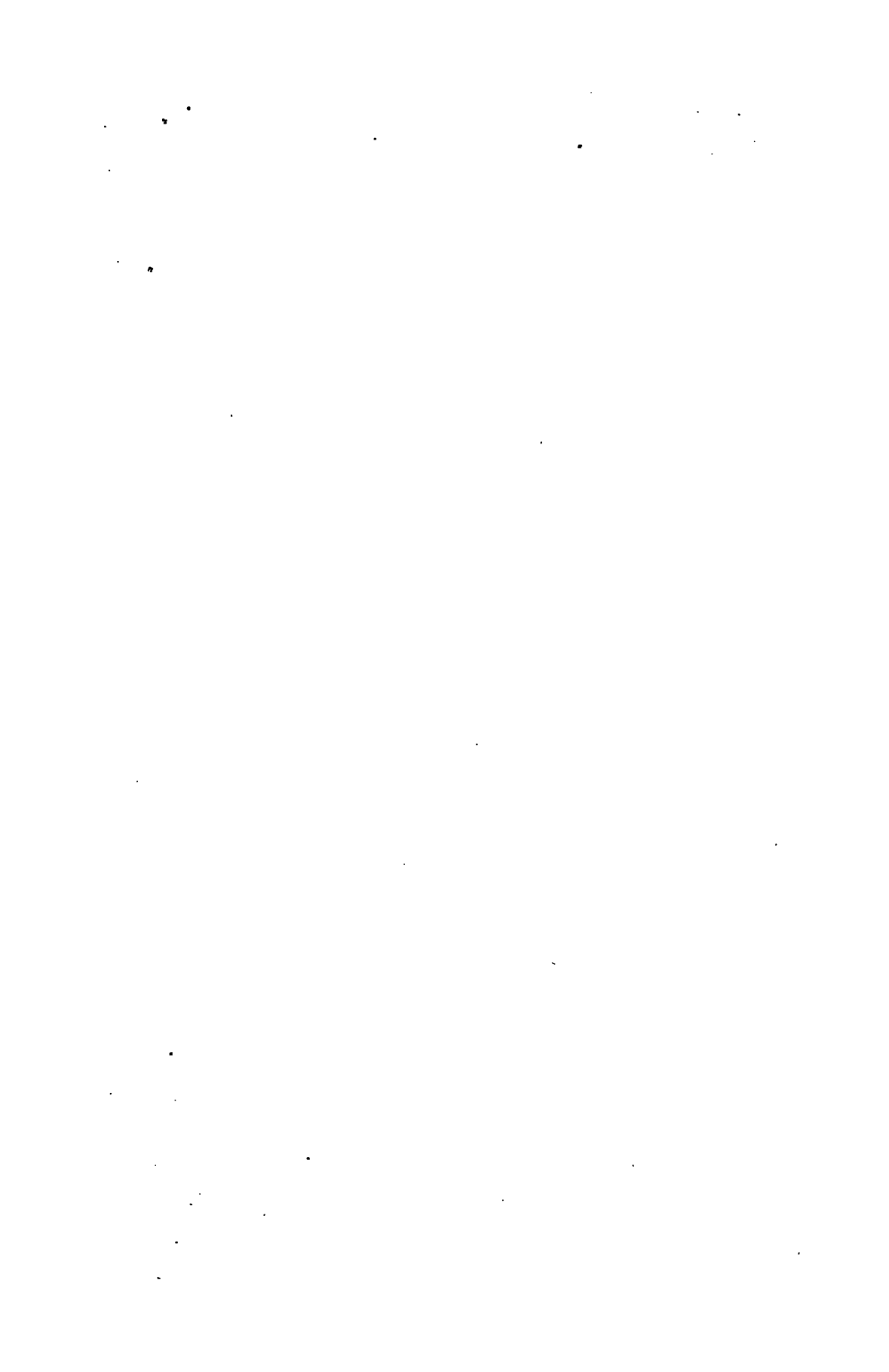














J. v

7-



